Cowper
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THE

LIFE

AND

POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

.....

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

.....

VOL. II.

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THE

LIFE OF COWPER.

LETTER LXVII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Jan. 8, 1787.

I have been so much indisposed with the fever that I told you had seized me, my nights during the whole week may be said to have been almost sleepless. The consequence has been, that except the translation of about thirty lines at the conclusion of the 13th book, I have been forced to abandon Homer entirely. This was a sensible mortification to me, as you may suppose, and felt the more, because my spirits, of course, failing with my strength, I seemed to have peculiar need of my old amusement; it seemed hard, therefore, to be forced to resign it just when I wanted it most. But Homer's battles cannot be fought by a man who does not sleep well, and who has not some little degree of animation in the day-time. Last night, however, quite contrary to my expectations, the fever left me entirely, and I slept quietly, soundly, and long. If it please God that it return not, I shall soon find myself in a condition to proceed. I walk constantly, that is to say, Mrs. Unwin and I together; for at these times I keep her continually employed, and never suffer her to be absent from me many minutes. She gives me all her time and all her attention, and forgets that there is another object in the world.

Mrs. Carter thinks on the subject of dreams as every body else does, that is to say, according to her own experience. She has had no extraordinary ones, and therefore accounts them only the ordinary operations of the fancy. Mine are of a texture that will not suffer me to ascribe them to so inadequate a cause, or to any cause but the operation of an exterior agency. I have a mind, my dear, (and to you I will venture to boast of it) as free from superstition as any man living; neither do I give heed to dreams in general as predictive, though particular dreams I believe to be so. Some very sensible persons, and I suppose Mrs. Carter among them, will acknowledge that in old times God spoke by dreams, but affirm, with much boldness, that he has since ceased to do so. If you ask them why, they answer, because he has now revealed his will in the scripture, and there is no longer any need that he should instruct or admonish us by dreams. I grant that, with respect to doctrines and precepts, he has left us in want of nothing; but has he thereby precluded himself in any of the operations of his providence? Surely not. It is perfectly a different consideration: and the same need that there ever was of his interference in this way, there is still and ever must be while man continues blind and fallible, and a creature beset with dangers which he can neither foresee nor obviate. His operations, however, of this kind, are, I allow, very rare; and as to the generality of dreams, they are made of such stuff, and are in themselves so insignificant, that though I believe them all to be the manufacture of others, not our own, I account it not a farthing matter who manufactures them. So much for dreams.

My fever is not yet gone, but sometimes seems to leave me. It is altogether of the nervous kind, and attended, now and then, with much dejection.

A young gentleman called here yesterday, who came six miles out of his way to see me. He was on a journey to London from Glasgow, having just left the University there. He came, I suppose, partly to satisfy his own curiosity, but chiefly, as it seemed, to bring me the thanks of some of the Scotch Professors for my two volumes. His name is Rose, an Englishman. Your spirits being good, you will derive more pleasure from this incident than I can at present, therefore I send it. Adieu.

W. C.

LETTER LXVIII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, July 24, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

This is the first time I have written these six months, and nothing but the constraint of obligation could induce me to write now. I cannot be so wanting to myself as not to endeavour at least to thank you both for the visits with which you have favoured me, and for the poems that you sent me. In my present state of mind I taste nothing; nevertheless I read, partly from habit, and partly because it is the only thing that I am capable of.

I have therefore read Burns's Poems, and have read them twice; and though they be written in a language that is new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them on the whole, a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life since Shakspeare, I should rather say since Prior, who need not be indebted for any part of his

praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he has laboured. It will be pity if he should not hereafter divest himself of barbarism, and content himself with writing pure English, in which he appears perfectly qualified to excel. He who can command admiration, dishonours himself if he aims no higher than to raise a laugh.

I am, dear sir, with my best wishes for your prosperity, and with Mrs. Unwin's respects, your obliged and affectionate humble servant, W. C.

LETTER LXIX.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esq.

Weston, Aug. 27, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

I have not yet taken up the pen again, except to write to you. The little taste that I have had of your company, and your kindness in finding me out, make me wish that we were nearer neighbours, and that there were not so great a disparity in our years; that is to say, not that you were older, but that I were younger. Could we have met in early life, I flatter myself that we might have been more intimate than now we are likely to be. But you shall not find me slow to cultivate such a measure of your regard as your friends of your own age can spare me. When your route shall lie through this country, I shall hope that the same kindness which has prompted you twice to call on me, will prompt you again; and I shall be happy if, on a future occasion, I may be able to give you a more cheerful reception than can be expected from an invalid. My health and spirits are considerably improved, and I once more associate with my neighbours. My head, howe-

ver, has been the worst part of me, and still continues so;—is subject to giddiness and pain, maladies very unfavourable to poetical employment: but a preparation of the bark, which I take regularly, has so far been of service to me in those respects, as to encourage in me a hope that, by perseverance in the use of it, I may possibly find myself qualified to resume the translation of Homer.

When I cannot walk I read, and read perhaps more than is good for me. But I cannot be idle. The only mercy that I show myself in this respect is, that I read nothing that requires much closeness of application. I lately finished the perusal of a book which in former years I have more than once attacked, but never till now conquered; some other book always interfered before I could finish it. The work I mean is Barclay's Argenis, and if ever you allow yourself to read for mere amusement, I can recommend it to you (provided you have not already perused it) as the most amusing romance that ever was written. It is the only one, indeed, of an old date, that I ever had the patience to go through with. It is interesting in a high degree; richer in incident than can be imagined, full of surprises, which the reader never forestalls, and yet free from all entanglement and confusion. The style too appears to me to be such as would not dishonour Tacitus himself.

Poor Burns loses much of his deserved praise in this country, through our ignorance of his language. I despair of meeting with any Englishman who will take the pains that I have taken to understand him. His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern. I lent him to a very sensible neighbour of mine, but his uncouth dialect spoiled all, and before he had half read him through, he was quite *ramfeezled*. W. C.

LETTER LXX.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Aug. 30, 1787.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

Though it costs me something to write, it would cost me more to be silent. My intercourse with my neighbours being renewed, I can no longer seem to forget how many reasons there are why you especially should not be neglected; no neighbour, indeed, but the kindest of my friends, and ere long, I hope an inmate.

My health and spirits seem to be mending daily; to what end I know not, neither will conjecture, but endeavour, as far as I can, to be content that they do so. I use exercise, and take the air in the park and wilderness. I read much, but as yet write not. Our friends at the Hall make themselves more and more amiable in our account, by treating us rather as old friends than as friends newly acquired. There are few days in which we do not meet, and I am now almost as much at home in their house as in our own. Mr. Throckmorton, having long since put me in possession of all his ground, has now given me possession of his library—an acquisition of great value to me, who never have been able to live without books since I first knew my letters, and who have no books of my own. By his means I have been so well supplied, that I have not yet even looked at the Lounger, for which, however, I do not forget that I am obliged to you. *His* turn comes next, and I shall probably begin him to-morrow.

Mr. George Throckmorton is at the Hall. I thought I had known these brothers long enough to have found out all their talents and accomplishments; but I was mistaken. The day before yesterday, after having

walked with us, they *carried* us up to the library, (a more accurate writer would have said *conducted* us) and then they showed me the contents of an immense portfolio, the work of their own hands. It was furnished with drawings of the architectural kind, executed in a most masterly manner, and among others contained outside and inside views of the Pantheon, I mean the Roman one. They were all, I believe, made at Rome. Some men may be estimated at a first interview, but the Throckmortons must be seen often and known long before one can understand all their value.

They often inquire after you, and ask me whether you visit Weston this autumn. I answer yes, and I charge you, my dearest cousin, to authenticate my information. Write to me, and tell us when we may expect to see you. We are disappointed that we had no letter from you this morning. You will find me coated and buttoned according to your recommendation.

I write but little, because writing is become new to me; but I shall come on by degrees. Mrs Unwin begs to be affectionately remembered to you. She is in tolerable health, which is the chief comfort here that I have to boast of.

Yours, my dearest cousin, as ever, W. C.

LETTER LXXI.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Sept. 4, 1787.

My dearest Coz.

Come when thou canst come, secure of being always welcome. All that is here is thine, together with the hearts of those who dwell here. I am only sorry that your journey hither is necessarily post-

poned beyond the time when I did hope to have seen you—sorry too, that my uncle's infirmities are the occasion of it. But years *will* have their course and their effect: they are happiest, so far as this life is concerned, who, like him, escape those effects the longest, and who do not grow old before their time. Trouble and anguish do that for some, which only longevity does for others. A few months since I was older than your father is now; and though I have lately recovered, as Falstaff says, *some smatch of my youth*, I have but little confidence, in truth none, in so flattering a change, but expect, *when I least expect it*, to wither again. The past is a pledge for the future.

Mr. G. is here, Mrs. Throckmorton's Uncle. He is lately arrived from Italy, where he has resided several years, and is so much the gentleman that it is impossible to be more so. Sensible, polite, obliging; slender in his figure, and in manner most engaging—every way worthy to be related to the Throckmortons.——I have read Savary's Travels into Egypt, Memoires du Baron de Tott, Fenn's Original Letters, the Letters of Frederic of Bohemia. and am now reading Memoires d'Henri de Lorraine, Duc de Guise. I have also read Barclay's Argenis, a Latin romance, and the best romance that ever was written. All these, together with Madan's Letters to Priestley, and several pamphlets, within these two months. So I am a great reader.

W. C.

LETTER LXXII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Sept. 15, 1787.

EAREST COUSIN,

On Monday last I was invited to your friend Miss J—— at the Hall, and there we her. Her good nature, her humorous manner, er good sense are charming, insomuch that even I, was never much addicted to speech-making, and it present find myself particularly indisposed to it, not help saying at parting, 'I am glad that I have you, and sorry that I have seen so little of you.' were sometimes many in company—on Thursday ere fifteen; but we had not altogether so much vi- y and cleverness as Miss J——, whose talent at -making has this rare property to recommend it, nobody suffers by it.

m making a gravel walk for winter use, under a hedge in the orchard. It shall be furnished with seat for your accommodation, and if you do but t, I shall be satisfied. In wet weather, or rather wet weather, when the street is dirty, it will suit vell, for lying on an easy declivity, through its length, it must of course be immediately dry.

u are very much wished for by our friends at the —how much by me I will not tell you till the se- week in October.

W. C.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Sept. 29, 178[illegible]

My dear Coz.

I thank you for your political intelligence; retired as we are, and seemingly excluded from the world, we are not indifferent to what passes in it; on the contrary, the arrival of a newspaper, at the present juncture, never fails to furnish us with a theme for discussion, short, indeed, but satisfactory, for we seldom differ in opinion.

I have received such an impression of the Turks from the Memoirs of Baron de Tott, which I read lately, that I can hardly help presaging the conquest of that empire by the Russians. The disciples of Mahomet are such babies in modern tactics, and so enervated by the use of their favourite drug, so fatally secure in their predestinarian dream, and so prone to a spirit of mutiny against their leaders, that nothing less can be expected. In fact, they had not been their own masters at this day, had but the Russians known the weakness of their enemies half so well as they undoubtedly know it now. Add to this, that there is a popular prophecy current in both countries, that Turkey is one day to fall under the Russian sceptre: a prophecy which, from whatever authority it be derived, as it will naturally encourage the Russians and dispirit the Turks in exact proportion to the degree of credit it has obtained on both sides, has a direct tendency to effect its own accomplishment. In the mean time, if I wish them conquered, it is only because I think it will be a blessing to them to be governed by any other hand than their own; for under Heaven has there never been a throne so execrably tyrannical as theirs. The heads of the innocent that

have been cut off to gratify the humour or caprice of their tyrants, could they all be collected, and discharged against the walls of their city, would not leave one stone on another.

Oh, that you were here this beautiful day! It is too fine by half to be spent in London. I have a perpetual din in my head, and though I am not deaf, hear nothing aright, neither my own voice, nor that of others. I am under a tub, from which tub accept my best love. Yours,

W. C.

LETTER LXXIV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esq.

Westen, Oct. 19, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

A summons from Johnson, which I received yesterday, calls my attention once more to the business of translation. Before I begin I am willing to catch, though but a short opportunity, to acknowledge your last favour. The necessity of applying myself with all diligence to a long work that has been but too long interrupted, will make my opportunities of writing rare in future.

Air and exercise are necessary to all men, but particularly so to the man whose mind labours; and to him who has been, all his life, accustomed to much of both, they are necessary in the extreme. My time, since we parted, has been devoted entirely to the recovery of health and strength for this service, and I am willing to hope with good effect. Ten months have passed since I discontinued my poetical efforts: I do not expect to find the same readiness as before, till exercise

of the neglected faculty, such as it is, shall have restored it to me.

You find yourself, I hope, by this time, as comfortably situated in your new abode, as in a new abode one can be. I enter perfectly into all your feelings on occasion of the change. A sensible mind cannot do violence even to a local attachment, without much pain. When my father died I was young, too young to have reflected much. He was Rector of Berkhamstead, and there I was born. It had never occurred to me that a parson has no fee-simple in the glebe and house he occupies. There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile, in all that country, to which I did not feel a relation, and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend him in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived. Then, and not till then, I felt, for the first time, that I and my native place were disunited for ever. I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods, from which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties as just when I left them all behind me, to return no more.

W. C.

LETTER LXXV.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Nov. 10, 1787.

The parliament, my dearest cousin, prorogued continually, is a meteor dancing before my eyes, promising me my wish only to disappoint me, and none but the king and his ministers can tell when you and I shall come together. I hope, however, that the period, though so often postponed, is not far distant, and that once more I shall behold you, and experience your power to make winter gay and sprightly.

I have a kitten my dear, the drollest of all creatures that ever wore a cat's skin. Her gambols are not to be described, and would be incredible, if they could. In point of size she is likely to be a kitten always, being extremely small of her age; but time, I suppose, that spoils every thing, will make her also a cat. You will see her, I hope, before that melancholy period shall arrive, for no wisdom that she may gain by experience and reflection hereafter, will compensate the loss of her present hilarity. She is dressed in a tortoise-shell suit, and I know that you will delight in her.

Mrs. Throckmorton carries us to-morrow in her chaise to Chicheley. The event, however, must be supposed to depend on elements, at least on the state of the atmosphere, which is turbulent beyond measure. Yesterday it thundered; last night it lightned, and at three this morning I saw the sky as red as a city in flames could have made it. I have a leech in a bottle that foretells all these prodigies and convulsions of nature. No, not as *you* will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice it to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that, in point of the earliest and most accurate intelligence, he is worth all the barometers in the world—none of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him, which is a groat more than the market price, though he is in fact, or rather would be, if leeches were not found in every ditch, an invaluable acquisition. W. C.

THE RETIRED CAT.*

A poet's cat, sedate and grave,
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick—
Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould *philosophique*,
Or else she learn'd it of her master.
Sometimes ascending debonair,
An apple-tree or lofty pear,
Lodg'd with convenience in the fork,
She watch'd the gard'ner at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty wat'ring pot,
There wanting nothing, save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Apparell'd in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel as well as we
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing she began to find
Expos'd her too much to the wind,

* *Note by the Editor*—As the kitten mentioned in the letter was probably, in her advanced life, the heroine of a little sportive moral poem, it may be introduced perhaps not improperly here.

And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wish'd, instead of those,
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air,
Too rudely wanton with her hair;
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.

A draw'r it chanc'd, at bottom lin'd
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the lady's use;
A draw'r impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there.
Puss, with delight beyond expression,
Survey'd the scene, and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease ere long,
And lull'd by her own hum-drum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last;
When in came, housewifely inclin'd,
The chamber-maid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impell'd,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awaken'd by the shock (cried puss)
"Was ever cat attended thus!
"The open draw'r was left, I see,
"Merely to prove a nest for me;
"For soon as I was well compos'd,
"Then came the maid, and it was clos'd.

"How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet
"Oh what a delicate retreat!
"I will resign myself to rest
"Till Sol, declining in the west,
"Shall call to supper; when, no doubt,
"Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remain'd still unattended.
The night roll'd tardily away,
(With her, indeed, 'twas never day),
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,
The evening grey again ensued,
And puss came into mind no more
Than if entomb'd the day before.
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,
She now presag'd approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, or purr'd,
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—"What's that!"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied.
Yet by his ear directed, guess'd,
Something imprison'd in the chest,
And doubtful what, with prudent care,
Resolv'd it should continue there.
At length a voice, which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consol'd him, and dispell'd his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the draw'rs explore,

The lowest first, and without stop,
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth, well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In ev'ry cranny but the right.
Forth skipp'd the Cat; not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension,
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cur'd of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for her place of rest
Any thing rather than a chest.
Then stept the poet into bed
With this reflection in his head.

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence!
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move or act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation,
The folly of his expectation.

Nov. 16, 1787.

LETTER LXXVI.
To JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

Nov. 16, 1787.

I thank you for the solicitude hat you express on the subject of my present studies. The work is undoubtedly long and laborious, but it has

an end, and proceeding leisurely, with a due attentic
the use of air and exercise, it is possible that I may
to finish it. Assure yourself of one thing, that tho
to a bystander it may seem an occupation surpas
the powers of a constitution never very athletic, anc
present, not a little the worse for wear, I can in
for myself no employment that does not exhaust my
rits more. I will not pretend to account for this; I
only say, that it is not the language of predilection f
favourite amusement, but that the fact is really so
have even found that those plaything avocations wl
one may execute almost without any attention, fat
me, and wear me away, while such as engage me n
and attach me closely, are rather serviceable to me
otherwise. W. (

LETTER LXXVII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Nov. 27, 1

It is the part of wisdom, my d
est cousin, to sit down contented under the demanc
necessity, because they are such. I am sensible that
cannot, in my uncle's present infirm state, and of w
it is not possible to expect any considerable amendn
indulge either us or yourself with a journey to We
Yourself, I say, both because I know it will give
pleasure to see *Causidice mi** once more, especial
the comfortable abode where you have placed him,
because, after so long an imprisonment in London,
who love the country and have a taste for it, woul
course be glad to return to it. For my own part, t

* The appellation which Sir Thomas Hesketh
to give him in jest, when he was of the Temple.

it is ever new; and though I have now been an inhabitant of this village a twelvemonth, and have during the half of that time, been at liberty to expatiate, and to make discoveries, I am daily finding out fresh scenes and walks, which you would never be satisfied with enjoying. Some of them are unapproachable by you, either on foot or in your carriage. Had you twenty toes (whereas I suppose you have but ten) you could not reach them; and coach-wheels have never been seen there since the flood. Before, it, indeed, (as Burnet says that the earth was then perfectly free from all inequalities in it surface) they might be seen there every day. We have other walks, both upon hill tops and in vallies beneath, some of which, by the help of your carriage, and many of them without its help, would be always at your command.

On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and being desired to sit, spoke as follows: "Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All-Saints in Northampton; brother of Mr. C. the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You would do me a great favour, Sir, if you would furnish me with one." To this I replied, "Mr. C. you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? there is a namesake of yours in particular, C——, the statuary, who, every body knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose." "Alas! Sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the people of our town cannot understand him." I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of

the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, Perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too for the same reason. But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him. The waggon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton, loaded, in part, with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written *one* that serves *two hundred* persons.

A few days since I received a second very obliging letter from Mr. M——. He tells me that his own papers, which are by far, he is sorry to say it, the most numerous, are marked V. I. Z. Accordingly, my dear, I am happy to find that I am engaged in a correspondence with Mr. Viz, a gentleman for whom I have always entertained the profoundest veneration. But the serious fact is, that the papers distinguished by those signatures have ever pleased me most, and struck me as the work of a sensible man, who knows the world well, and has more of Addison's delicate humour than any body.

A poor man begged some food at the Hall lately. The cook gave him some Vermicelli soup. He ladled it about some time with the spoon, and then returned it to her, saying, "I am a poor man it is true, and I am very hungry, but yet I cannot eat broth with maggots in it." Once more, my dear, a thousand thanks for your box full of good things, useful things, and beautiful things.

Ever yours, W. C.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Dec. 4, 1787.

I am glad, my dearest coz. that
it letter proved so diverting. You may assure
lf of the literal truth of the whole narration, and
owever droll, it was not in the least indebted to
nbellishments of mine.

say well, my dear, that in Mr. Throckmorton
ve a peerless neighbour; we have so. In point
rmation upon all important subjects, in respect,
expression and address, and, in short, every thing
nters into the idea of a gentleman, I have not
his equal (not often) any where. Were I asked,
n my judgment approaches the nearest to him, in
amiable qualities and qualifications, I should cer-
answer, his brother George, who, if he be not his
counterpart, endued with precisely the same mea-
f the same accomplishments, is nevertheless defi-
n none of them, and is of a character singularly
ıble, in respect of a certain manly, I had almost
eroic frankness, with which his air strikes one al-
immediately. So far as his opportunities have
he has ever been as friendly and obliging to us as
uld wish him; and were he Lord of the Hall to-
ow, would, I dare say, conduct himself towards us
h a manner as to leave us as little sensible as pos-
f the removal of its present owners. But all this
my dear, merely for the sake of stating the mat-
it is; not in order to obviate, or to prove the in-
ience of any future plans of yours, concerning the
of our residence. Providence and time shape e-
hing; I should rather say Providence alone, for
nas often no hand in the wonderful changes that

we experience; they take place in a moment. It is not, therefore, worth while, perhaps, to consider much what we will, or will not do in years to come, concerning which all that I can say with certainty at present is, that those years will be to me the most welcome, in which I can see the most of you. W. C.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Dec. 10, 1787.

I thank you for the snip of cloth commonly called a pattern. At present I have two coats, and but one back. If at any time hereafter I should find myself possessed of fewer coats, or more backs, it will be of use to me.

Even as you suspect, my dear, so it proved. The ball was prepared for, the ball was held, and the ball passed, and we had nothing to do with it. Mrs. Throckmorton knowing our trim, did not give us the pain of an invitation, for a pain it would have been. And why? as Sternhold says: because, as Hopkins answers, we must have refused it. But it fell out singularly enough, that this ball was held of all days in the year, on my birth-day—and so I told them—but not till it was all over.

Though I have thought proper never to take any notice of the arrival of my MSS. together with the *other good things* in the box, yet certain it is that I received them. I have furbished up the tenth book till it is as bright as silver, and am now occupied in bestowing the same labour upon the eleventh. The twelfth and thirteenth are in the hands of ——, and the fourteenth and fifteenth are ready to succeed them. This notable job

is the delight of my heart, and how sorry shall I be when it is ended!

The smith and the carpenter, my dear, are both in the room hanging a bell. If I therefore make a thousand blunders, let the said intruders answer for them all.

I thank you, my dear, for your history of the G——s. What changes in that family! And how many thousand families have, in the same time, experienced changes as violent as theirs! The course of a rapid river is the justest of all emblems to express the variableness of our scene below. Shakspeare says, none ever bathed himself twice in the same stream; and it is equally true that the world upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.

I do not always say, 'Give my love to my uncle,' because he knows that I always love him. I do not always present Mrs. Unwin's love to you, partly for the same reason, (deuce take the smith and the carpenter) and partly because I sometimes forget it. But to present my own I forget never, for I always have to finish my letter, which I know not how to do, my dearest coz. without telling you that I am ever yours, W. C.

LETTER LXXX.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esq.

Weston, Dec. 13, 1787.

Unless my memory deceives me, I forewarned you that I should prove a very unpunctual correspondent. The work that lies before me engages, unavoidably, my whole attention. The length of it, the spirit of it, and the exactness that is requisite to its due

performance, are so many most interesting subjects of consideration to me, who find that my best attempts are only introductory to others, and that what to-day I suppose finished, to-morrow I must begin again. Thus it fares with a translator of Homer. To exhibit the majesty of such a poet in a modern language is a task that no man can estimate the difficulty of till he attempts it. To paraphrase him loosely, to hang him with trappings that do not belong to him—all this is comparatively easy. But to represent him with only his own ornaments, and still to preserve his dignity, is a labour that, if I hope in any measure to achieve it, I am sensible can only be achieved by the most assiduous and most unremitting attention. Our studies, however different in themselves, in respect of the means by which they are to be successfully carried on, bear some resemblance to each other. A perseverance that nothing can discourage, a minuteness of observation that suffers nothing to escape, and a determination not to be seduced from the straight line that lies before us, by any images with which fancy may present us, are essentials that should be common to us both. There are, perhaps, few arduous undertakings that are not, in fact, more arduous than we at first supposed them. As we proceed, difficulties increase upon us, but our hopes gather strength also; and we conquer difficulties which, could we have foreseen them, we should never have had the boldness to encounter. May this be your experience, as I doubt not that it will. You possess, by nature, all that is necessary to success in the profession that you have chosen. What remains is in your own power. They say of poets that they must be born such: so must mathematicians, so must great generals, and so, indeed, must men of all denominations, or it is not possible that they should excel. But with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever studies

our genius may direct us, studies they must still be. I am persuaded that Milton did not write his Paradise Lost, nor Homer his Iliad, nor Newton his Principia, without immense labour. Nature gave them a bias to their respective pursuits, and that strong propensity, I suppose, is what we mean by genius. The rest they gave themselves. "Macte esto," therefore, have no fears for the issue!

I have had a second kind letter from your friend Mr. ——, which I have just answered. I must not, I find, hope to see him here, at least I must not much expect it. He has a family that does not permit him to fly Southward. I have also a notion that we three could spend a few days comfortably together, especially in a country like this, abounding in scenes with which I am sure you would both be delighted. Having lived till lately at some distance from the spot that I now inhabit, and having never been master of any sort of vehicle whatever, it is but just now that I begin myself to be acquainted with the beauties of our situation. To you I may hope one time or other to show them, and shall be happy to do it when an opportunity offers.

Yours, most affectionately, W. C.

LETTER LXXXI.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Jan. 1, 1788,

Now for another story almost incredible! A story, that would be quite such, if it was not certain that you give me credit for any thing. I have read the poem for the sake of which you sent the paper, and was much entertained by it. You think it, perhaps, as very *well* you may, the only piece of that

:ind that was ever produced. It is indeed original, for dare say Mr. Merry never saw mine; but certainly t is not unique. For most true it is my dear, that ten 'ears since, having a letter to write to a friend of mine, o whom I could write any thing, I filled a whole sheet vith a composition, both in measure and in manner, ›recisely similar. I have in vain searched for it. It is :ither burnt or lost. Could I have found it, you would ıave had double postage to pay. For that one man in taly, and another in England, who never saw each o-her, should stumble on a species of verse, in which no ›ther man ever wrote, (and I believe that to be the case) ınd upon a style and manner too, of which I suppose hat neither of them had ever seen an example, appears o me so extraordinary a fact, that I must have sent you nine, whatever it had cost you, and am really vexed hat I cannot authenticate the story by producing a voucher. The measure I recollect to have been per-fectly the same; and as to the manner, I am equally ıure of that, and from this circumstance, that Mrs. Un-win and I never laughed more at any production of mine, ›erhaps not even at John Gilpin. But for all this, my lear, you must, as I said, give me credit; for the thing tself is gone to that limbo of vanity, where alone, says Milton, things lost on earth are to be met with. Said imbo is, as you know, in the moon, whither I could not ıt present convey myself without a good deal of difficul-ty and inconvenience.

This morning, being the morning of New Year's Day, I sent to the Hall a copy of verses, addressed to Mr. Throckmorton, entitled, The Wish, or the Poet's New Year's Gift. We dine there to-morrow, when, I sup-pose, I shall hear news of them. Their kindness is so great, and they seize with such eagerness every oppor-tunity of doing all they think will please us, that I held

myself almost in duty bound to treat them with this stroke of my profession.

The small-pox has done, I believe, all that it has to do at Weston. Old folks, and even women with child, have been inoculated. We talk of our freedom, and some of us are free enough, but not the poor. Dependent as they are upon parish bounty, they are sometimes obliged to submit to impositions which, perhaps, in France itself, could hardly be paralelled. Can man or woman be said to be free, who is commanded to take a distemper, sometimes at least mortal, and in circumstances most likely to make it so? No circumstance whatever was permitted to exempt the inhabitants of Weston. The old as well as the young, and the pregnant as well as they who had only themselves within them, have been inoculated. Were I asked who is the most arbitrary sovereign on earth, I should answer, neither the King of France, nor the Grand Signior, but an overseer of the poor in England.

I am, as heretofore, occupied with Homer: my present occupation is the revisal of all I have done, viz. of the first fifteen books. I stand amazed at my own increasing dexterity in the business, being verily persuaded that, as far as I have gone, I have improved the work to double its former value.

That you may begin the new year, and end it in all health and happiness, and many more when the present shall have been long an old one, is the ardent wish of Mrs. Unwin, and of yours, my dearest Coz. most cordially, W. C.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge Jan. 19, 1788.

When I have prose enough to fill my paper, which is always the case when I write to you, I cannot find in my heart to give a third part of it to verse. Yet this I must do, or I must make my pacquets more costly than worshipful, by doubling the postage upon you, which I should hold to be unreasonable. See, then, the true reason why I did not send you that same scribblement till you desired it. The thought which naturally presents itself to me on all such occasions is this—Is not your cousin coming? Why are you impatient? Will it not be time enough to show her your fine things when she arrives?

Fine things, indeed, I have few. He who has Homer to transcribe may well be contented to do little else. As when an ass, being harnessed with ropes to a sand-cart, drags with hanging ears his heavy burthen, neither filling the long echoing streets with his harmonious bray, nor throwing up his heels behind, frolicksome and airy, as asses less engaged are wont to do; so I, satisfied to find myself indispensibly obliged to render into the best possible English metre, eight and forty Greek books, of which the two finest poems in the world consist, account it quite sufficient if I may at last achieve that labour, and seldom allow myself those pretty little vagaries in which I should otherwise delight, and of which, if I should live long enough, I intend hereafter to enjoy my fill.

This is the reason, my dear cousin, if I may be permitted to call you so in the same breath with which I have uttered this truly heroic comparison—this is the reason why I produce, at present, but few occasional

the preceding reason is that which may ac-
ıctorily enough for my withholding the very
lo produce. A thought sometimes strikes
rise: if it runs readily into verse, and I can
ɔre breakfast, it is well; otherwise it dies,
tten; for all the subsequent hours are devo-
:r.

before yesterday I saw, for the first time,
ıew print, the Propagation of a lie. Mr.
ton sent it for the amusement of our party.
lls humour by the yard, and is, I suppose,
der of it who ever did so. He cannot, there-
to have humour without measure, (pardon
ear, from a man who has not made one be-
rty years) though he may certainly be said
surably droll.

nal thought is good, and the exemplification
very expressive figures, admirable. A po-
.me subject, displaying all that is displayed
tudes, and in those features (for faces they
ıe called) would be most excellent. The
e two arts, viz. verse and painting, has been
ed: possibly the happiest illustration of it
nd, if some poet would ally himself to some
as Bunbury, and undertake to write every
ıld draw. Then let a musician be admitted
He should compose said poem, adapting
:xactly accommodated to the theme: so
ster arts be proved to be indeed sisters, and
ould die of laughing. W. C.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Jan. :

My dearest Cousin,

It is a fortnight since from you, that is to say, a week longer than accustomed me to wait for a letter. I do not fo you have recommended it to me, on occasions s similar, to banish all anxiety, and to ascribe lence only to the interruptions of company. vice, my dear, but not easily taken by a man cir ced as I am. I have learned in the school of a a school from which I have no expectation th ever be dismissed, to apprehend the worst, an ver found it the only course in which I coul myself without the least danger of incurring a di ment. This kind of experience, continued thr ny years, has given me such an habitual b gloomy side of every thing, that I never have a ease on any subject to which I am not indiffere then, can I be easy when I am left afloat upo endless conjectures, of which you furnish the Write, I beseech you, and do not forget that a battered actor upon this turbulent stage: little vigour of mind I ever had, of the self-s kind I mean, has long since been broken; and t I can bear nothing well, yet any thing better t of ignorance concerning your welfare. I h hours in the night leaning upon my elbow, an ing what your silence means. I intreat you to put an end to these speculations, which cos animal spirits than I can spare: if you canno great trouble to yourself, (which, in your situ very possibly be the case,) contrive opportuni

e so frequently as usual, only say it, and I am content. I will wait, if you desire it, as long for every letter; but then let them arrive at the period once fixed, exactly at the time, for my patience will not hold out an hour beyond it. W. C.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Feb. 1, 1788.

Pardon me, my dearest cousin, the mournful ditty that I sent you last. There are times when I see every thing through a medium that distresses me to an insupportable degree, and that letter was wrote in one of them. A fog that had for three or four days obliterated all the beauties of Weston, and a north-east wind, might possibly contribute not a little to the melancholy that indited it. But my mind is now easy; your letter has made it so; and I feel as blithe as a bird in comparison. I love you, my cousin, and cannot suspect, either with or without cause, the least evil in which you may be concerned, without being greatly troubled. Oh trouble! the portion of all mortals, but mine in particular Would I had never known thee, or could bid thee farewell for ever; for I meet thee at every turn, my pillows are stuffed with thee, my very roses smell of thee, and even my cousin, who would cure me of all trouble if she could, is sometimes innocently the cause of trouble to me.

I now see the unreasonableness of my late trouble, and would, if I could trust myself so far, promise never again to trouble either myself or you in the same manner, unless warranted by some more substantial ground of apprehension.

I said concerning Homer, my dear, was spoken
· written, merely under the influence of a cer-
larity that I felt at that moment. I am, in re-
far from thinking myself an ass, and my trans-
sand-cart, that I rather seem, in my own ac-
the matter, one of those flaming steeds harness-
: chariot of Apollo, of which we read in the
' the ancients. I have lately, I know not how,
l a certain superiority to myself in this business,
ıis last revisal have elevated the expression to
: far surpassing its former boast. A few even-
e I had an opportunity to try how far I might
to expect such success of my labours as can a-
ay them by reading the first book of my Iliad to
of ours. He dined with you once at Olney. His
Greatheed, a man of letters and of taste. He
ith us, and the evening proving dark and dirty,
uaded him to take a bed.
rtained him as I tell you. He heard me with
ttention, and with evident symptoms of the
satisfaction, which, when I had finished the ex-
he put out of all doubt by expressions which I
epeat. Only this he said to Mrs. Unwin, while I
nother room, that he had never entered into the
f Homer before, nor had any thing like a due
ion of his manner. This I have said, knowing
vill please you, and will now say no more.
ı! my dear, will you never speak of coming
ion more?

W. C.

LETTER LXXXV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, Feb. 14, 1788.

My dear Sir,

Though it be long since I received your last, I have not yet forgotten the impression it made upon me, nor how sensibly I felt myself obliged by your unreserved and friendly communications. I will not apologize for my silence in the interim, because, apprized as you are of my present occupation, the excuse that I might alledge will present itself to you of course, and to dilate upon it would therefore be waste of paper.

You are in possession of the best security imaginable for the improvement of your time, which is a just sense of its value. Had I been, when at your age, as much affected by that important consideration as I am at present, I should not have devoted, as I did, all the earliest part of my life to amusement only. I am now in the predicament into which the thoughtlessness of youth betrays nine-tenths of mankind, who never discover that the health and good spirits which generally accompany it, are, in reality, blessings only according to the use we make of them, till advanced years begin to threaten them with the loss of both. How much wiser would thousands have been, than they ever will be, had a puny constitution, or some occasional infirmity, constrained them to devote those hours to study and reflection, which, for want of some such check, they have given entirely to dissipation! I, therefore, account you happy, who, young as you are, need not to be informed that you cannot always be so, and who already know, that the materials upon which age can alone

ıfort, should be brought together at an ear-
You have, indeed, losing a father, lost a
you have not lost his instructions. His ex-
; not buried with him, but happily for you,
because you are desirous to avail yourself of
ves in your remembrance, and is cherished in
affections.

last letter was dated from the house of a gentle-
ıo was, I believe, my school-fellow; for the Mr.
who lived at Watford while I had any connec-
ıth Hartfordshire, must have been the father of
esent, and, according to the age and state of his
ı when I saw him last, must have been long dead.
er was acquainted with the family further than by
rt, which always spoke honourably of them, though
ll my journies to and from my father's I must have
sed the door. The circumstance, however, reminds
of the beautiful reflection of Glaucus in the sixth
ad; beautiful as for the affecting nature of the obser-
ation, as for the justness of comparison and incompa-
able simplicity of the expression. I feel that I shall
ıot be satisfied without transcribing it, and yet, perhaps,
my Greek may be difficult to decypher.

Οιη περ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και ανδρων.
Φυλλα τα μεν τ' ανεμος χαμαδις χεει, αλλα δε θ' υλ
Τηλεθοωσα φυει. εαρος δ' επιγιγνεται ωρη;
Ως ενδρων γενεη, η μεν φυει, η δ' απολληγει.

Excuse this piece of pedantry in a man whose Hor
is always before him. What would I give that
were living now, and within my reach! I, of all
living, have the best excuse for indulging such a
unreasonable as it may seem; for I have no doub
the fire of his eye, and the smile of his lips, wou

w and then in possession of his full meaning me
ually than any commentator. I return you man
nks for the elegies which you sent me, both which
ink deserving of much commendation. I should re
ite you but ill by sending you my mortuary verse
ither at present can I prevail on myself to do it
ving no frank, and being conscious that they are no
rth carriage without one. I have one copy left, and
t copy I will keep for you.

W. C.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Feb. 16, 1788.

I have now three letters of yours,
dearest cousin, before me, all written in the space
a week, and must be, indeed, insensible of kindness,
I not feel yours on this occasion. I cannot describe
you, neither could you comprehend it if I should, the
nner in which my mind is sometimes impressed with
ancholy on particular subjects. Your late silence
such a subject. I heard, saw, and felt a thousand
ble things, which had no real existence, and was
ted by them night and day, till they at last extort-
m me the doleful epistle which I have since wish-
d been burned before I sent it. But the cloud has
, and, as far as you are concerned, my heart is
ore at rest.

e you gave me the hint, I had once or twice, as
my bed, watching the break of day, ruminated
bject which, in your last but one, you recom-
me.

y, or a release from slavery, such as the poor
have endured, or perhaps both these topics to-
r.

gether appeared to me a theme so important at the present juncture, and at the same time so susceptible of poetical management, that I more than once perceived myself ready to start in that career, could I have allowed myself to desert Homer for so long a time as it would have cost me to do them justice.

While I was pondering these things, the public prints informed me that Miss More was on the point of publication, having actually finished what I had not yet begun.

The sight of her advertisement convinced me that my best course would be that to which I felt myself most inclined, to persevere, without turning aside to attend to any other call, however alluring, in the business that I have in hand.

It occurred to me, likewise, that I have already borne my testimony in favour of my black brethren and that I was one of the earliest, if not the first of those who have, in the present day, expressed their detestation of the diabolical traffic in question.

On all these accounts I judged it best to be silent, and especially because I cannot doubt that some effectual measures will now be taken to alleviate the miseries of their condition, the whole nation being in possession of the case, and it being impossible also to allege an argument in behalf of man-merchandize that can deserve a hearing. I shall be glad to see Hannah More's poem she is a favourite writer with me, and has more nerve and energy, both in her thoughts and language, than half the he-rhymers in the kingdom. The Thoughts on the Manners of the Great will likewise be most acceptable. I want to learn as much of the world as I can, but to acquire that learning at a distance; and a book with such a title promises fair to serve the purpose effectually.

I recommend it to you, my dear, by all means to embrace the fair occasion, and to put yourself in the way of being squeezed and incommoded a few hours, for the sake of hearing and seeing what you will never have opportunity to see and hear hereafter, the trial of a man who has been greater, and more feared, than the Great Mogul himself. Whatever we are at home, we have certainly been tyrants in the East: and if these men have, as they are charged, rioted in the miseries of the innocent, and dealt death to the guiltless with an unsparing hand, may they receive a retribution that shall in future make all governors and judges of ours, in those distant regions, tremble. While I speak thus, I equally wish them acquitted. They were both my school-fellows, and for Hastings I had a particular value. Farewell. W. C.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Feb. 22, 1788.

I do not wonder that your ears and feelings were hurt by Mr. Burke's severe invective. But you are to know, my dear, or probably you know it already, that the prosecution of public delinquents has always, and in all countries, been thus conducted. The style of a criminal charge of this kind has been an affair settled among orators from the days of Tully to the present, and like all other practices that have obtained for ages, this, in particular, seems to have been founded originally in reason, and in the necessity of the case.

He who accuses another to the state, must not appear himself unmoved by the view of crimes with which

he charges him, least he should be suspected of fiction, or of precipitancy, or of a consciousness that, after all, he shall not be able to prove his allegations. On the contrary, in order to impress the minds of his hearers with a persuasion that he himself at least is convinced of the criminality of the prisoner, he must be vehement, energetic, rapid; must call him tyrant, and traitor, and every thing else that is odious, and all this to his face, because all this, bad as it is, is no more than he undertakes to prove in the sequel, and if he cannot prove it he must himself appear in a light very little more desirable, and at best to have trifled with the tribunal to which he has summoned him.

Thus Tully, in the very first sentence of his first oration against Cataline, calls him a monster; a manner of address in which he persisted till said monster, unable to support the fury of his accuser's eloquence any longer, rose from his seat, elbowed for himself a passage through the crowd, and at last burst from the senate-house in an agony, as if the furies themselves had followed him.

And now, my dear, though I have thus spoken, and have seemed to plead the cause of that species of eloquence which you, and every creature who has your sentiments, must necessarily dislike, perhaps I am not altogether convinced of its propriety. Perhaps, at the bottom, I am much more of opinion, that if the charge, unaccompanied by any inflammatory matter, and simply detailed, being once delivered into the court, and read aloud, the witnesses were immediately examined, and sentense pronounced according to the evidence, not only the process would be shortened, much time and expense saved, but justice would have at least as fair play as now she has. Prejudice is of no use in weighing the question—Guilty or not guilty; and the principal aim, end, and effect of such introductory harangues

is to create as much prejudice as possible. When you and I, therefore, shall have the management of such a business entrusted to us, we will order it otherwise.

I was glad to learn from the papers that our cousin Henry shone as he did in reading the charge. This must have given much pleasure to the General.

Thy ever affectionate, W. C.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, March 3, 1788.

One day last week, Mrs. Unwin and I having taken our morning walk, and returning homeward through the wilderness, met the Throckmortons. A minute after we had met them, we heard the cry of hounds at no great distance, and mounting the broad stump of an elm, which had been felled, and by the aid of which we were enabled to look over the wall, we saw them. They were all that time in our orchard: presently we heard a terrier, belonging to Mrs. Throckmorton, which you may remember by the name of Fury, yelping with much vehemence, and saw her running through the thickets, within a few yards of us, at her utmost speed, as if in pursuit of something, which we doubted not was the fox. Before we could reach the other end of the wilderness, the hounds entered also; and when we arrived at the gate which opens into the grove, there we found the whole weary cavalcade assembled. The huntsman dismounting, begged leave to follow his hounds on foot, for he was sure, he said, that they had killed him—a conclusion which I suppose he drew from their profound silence. He was accordingly admitted, and with a sagacity that would not have dishonoured the best hound in the

world, pursuing precisely the same track which the fox and the dogs had taken, though he had never had a glimpse of either after their first entrance through the rails, arrived where he found the slaughtered prey. He soon produced dead Reynard, and rejoined us in the grove, with all his dogs about him. Having an opportunity to see a ceremony, which I was pretty sure would never fall in my way again, I determined to stay, and to notice all that passed with the most minute attention. The huntsman having, by the aid of a pitchfork, lodged Reynard on the arm of an elm, at the height of about nine feet from the ground, there left him for a considerable time. The gentlemen sat on their horses contemplating the fox, for which they had toiled so hard; and the hounds, assembled at the foot of the tree, with faces not less expressive of the most rational delight, contemplated the same object. The huntsman remounted; he cut off a foot, and threw it to the hounds; one of them swallowed it whole like a bolus. He then once more alighted, and drawing down the fox by the hinder legs, desired the people, who were by this time rather numerous, to open a lane for him to the right and left. He was instantly obeyed, when, throwing the fox to the distance of some yards, and screaming like a fiend, "tear him to pieces," at least six times repeatedly, he consigned him over absolutely to the pack, who in a few minutes devoured him completely. Thus, my dear, as Virgil says, what none of the gods could have ventured to promise me, time itself, pursuing its accustomed course, has of its own accord presented me with. I have been in at the death of a fox, and you know as much of the matter as I, who am as well informed as any sportsman in England. Yours, W. C.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, March 12, 1788.

Slavery, and the Manners of the Great, I have read. The former I admired, as I do all that Miss More writes, as well for energy of expression, as for the tendency of the design. I have never yet seen any production of her pen that has not recommended itself by both these qualifications. There is likewise much good sense in her manner of treating every subject, and no mere poetic cant (which is the thing that I abhor) in her manner of treating any. And this I say, not because you now know and visit her, but it has long been my avowed opinion of her works, which I have both spoken and written as often as I have had occasion to mention them.

Mr. Wilberforce's little book (if he was the author of it) has also charmed me. It must, I should imagine, engage the notice of those to whom it is addressed. In that case one may say to them, either answer it, or be set down by it. They will do neither. They will approve, commend, and forget it. Such has been the fate of all exhortations to reform, whether in verse or prose, and however closely pressed upon the conscience in all ages, here and there a happy individual, to whom God gives grace and wisdom to profit by the admonition, is the better for it. But the aggregate body (as Gilbert Cooper used to call the multitude) remain, though with a very good understanding of the matter, like horse and mule that have none.

We shall now soon lose our neighbours at the Hall. We shall truly miss them, and long for their return. Mr. Throckmorton said to me last night, with sparkling eyes, and a face expressive of the highest pleasure, "We compared you this morning with Pope; we read

your fourth Iliad, and his, and I verily think we shall beat him. He has many superfluous lines, and does not interest one. When I read your translation, I am deeply affected. I see plainly your advantage, and am convinced that Pope spoiled all by attempting the work in rhyme." His brother George, who is my most active amanuensis, and who indeed first introduced the subject, seconded all he said. More would have passed, but Mrs. Throckmorton having seated herself at the harpsichord, and for my amusement merely, my attention was of course turned to her. The new vicar of Olney is arrived, and we have exchanged visits. He is a plain, sensible man, and pleases me much. A treasure for Olney, if Olney can understand his value. Adieu.

W. C.

LETTER XC.

To General COWPER.

Weston, Dec. 13, 1787.

My dear General,

A letter is not pleasant whic excites curiosity, but does not gratify it. Such a lette was my last, the defects of which I therefore take th first opportunity to supply. When the condition of o negroes in the Islands was first presented to me as subject for songs, I felt myself not at all allured to t undertaking; it seemed to offer only images of hor which could by no means be accommodated to the s of that sort of composition. But having a desire to c ply, if possible, with the request made to me, after t ing the matter in my mind as many ways as I coul at last, as I told you, produced three, and that w appears to myself the best of the three, I have sent Of the other two, one is serious, in a strain of th

perhaps rather too serious, and I could not help it. The other, of which the slave-trader is himself the subject, is somewhat ludicrous. If I could think them worth your seeing, I would, as opportunity should occur, send them also. If this amuses you I shall be glad.

W. C.

THE MORNING DREAM.*

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of Tweed-side.

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
    Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
    So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.
I dream'd that on ocean afloat,
    Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
While the billows high lifted the boat,
    And the fresh blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
    Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,
    Never taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
    Shed light like a sun on the waves,
And smiling divinely, she cry'd—
    I go to make freemen of slaves."

* The excellence of this ballad induces me to reprint it here, although it has appeared in the last edition of Cowper's Poems.

Then raising her voice to a strain
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd.
Some clouds which had over us hung
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,
And methought, while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
Where a demon, her enemy stood,
Oppression his terribl name.
In his hand, as a sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as, approaching the land,
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects imbrued.
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expir'd
Heard shouts that ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which serv'd my weak thought for a gu
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever has shown
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

LETTER XCI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, March 29, 1788.

My dear Friend,

I rejoice that you have so successfully performed so long a journey without the aid of hoofs or wheels. I do not know that a journey on foot exposes a man to more disasters than a carriage or horse; perhaps it may be the safer way of travelling; but the novelty of it impressed me with some anxiety on your account.

It seems almost incredible to myself, that my company should be at all desirable to you, or any man. I know so little of the world as it goes at present, and labour generally under such a depression of spirits, especially at those times when I could wish to be most cheerful, that my own share in every conversation appears to me to be the most insipid thing imaginable. But you say you found it otherwise, and I will not, for my own sake, doubt your sincerity, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, and since such is yours, I shall leave you in quiet possession of it, wishing, indeed, both its continuance and increase. I shall not find a properer place in which to say, accept of Mrs. Unwin's acknowledgments, as well as mine, for the kindness of your expressions on this subject, and be assured of an undissembling welcome at all times when it shall suit you to give us your company at Weston. As to her, she is one of the sincerest of the human race, and if she receives you with appearance of pleasure, it is because she feels it. Her behaviour on such occasions is with her an affair of conscience, and she dares no more look a falsehood than utter one.

It is almost time to tell you that I have received the books safe; they have not suffered the least detriment by the way, and I am much obliged to you for them. If my translation should be a little delayed in consequence of this favour of yours, you must take the blame on yourself. It is impossible not to read the notes of a commentator so learned, so judicious, and of so fine a taste as Dr. Clarke, having him at one's elbow. Though he has been but a few hours under my roof, I have already peeped at him, and find that he will be *instar omnium* to me. They are such notes exactly as I wanted. A translator of Homer should ever have somebody at hand to say, "that's a beauty," least he should slumber where his author does not; not only depreciating, by such inadvertency, the work of his original, but depriving, perhaps, his own of an embellishment which wanted only to be noticed.

If you hear ballads sung in the streets on the hardships of the negroes in the islands, they are probably mine. It must be an honour to any man to have given a stroke to that chain, however feeble. I fear, however, that the attempt will fail. The tidings which have lately reached me from London concerning it, are not the most encouraging. While the matter slept, or was but slightly adverted to, the English only had their share of shame, in common with other nations, on account of it. But since it has been canvassed and searched to the bottom, since the public attention has been rivetted to the horrible scheme, we can no longer plead either that we did not know it, or did not think of it. Woe be to us if we refuse the poor captives the redress to which they have so clear a right, and prove ourselves, in the sight of God and men, indifferent to all considerations but those of gain. Adieu. W. C.

LETTER XCII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, March 31, 1788.

My dearest Cousin,

Mrs. Throckmorton has promised to write to me. I beg that, as often as you shall see her, you will give her a smart pinch, and say, "have you written to my cousin?" I build all my hopes of her performance on this expedient, and for so doing these my letters, not patent, shall be your sufficient warrant. You are thus to give her the question till she shall answer, Yes. I have written one more song, and sent it. It is called the Morning Dream, and may be sung to the tune of Tweedside, or any other tune that will suit it, for I am not nice on that subject. I would have copied it for you, had I not almost filled my sheet without it; but now, my dear, you must stay till the sweet sirens of London shall bring it to you, or, if that happy day should never arrive, I hereby acknowledge myself your debtor to the amount. I shall now probably cease to sing of tortured negroes, a theme which never pleased me, but which, in the hope of doing them some little service, I was not unwilling to handle.

If any thing could have raised Miss More to a higher place in my opinion than she possessed before, it could only be your information that, after all, she, and not Mr. Wilberforce, is author of that volume. How comes it to pass that she, being a woman, writes with a force and energy, and a correctness, hitherto arrogated by the men, and not very frequently displayed even by the men themselves? Adieu. W. C.

LETTER XCIII.

To JOSEPH HILL, Esquire.

Weston, May 8, 1788.

Alas! my library—I must now give it up for a lost thing for ever. The only consolation belonging to the circumstance is, or seems to be, that no such loss did ever befall any other man, or can ever befall me again. As far as books are concerned, I am

Totus teres atque rotundus,

and may set fortune at defiance. Those books which had been my father's, had, most of them, his arms on the inside cover, but the rest no mark, neither his name nor mine. I could mourn for them like Sancho for his Dapple, but it would avail me nothing.

You will oblige me much by sending me Crazy Kate. A gentleman last winter promised me both her and the the Lace-maker, but he went to London, that place in which, as in the grave, "all things are forgotten," and I have never seen either of them.

I begin to find some prospect of a conclusion, of the Iliad at least, now opening upon me, having reached the eighteenth book. Your letter found me yesterday in the very fact of dispersing the whole host of Troy, by the voice only of Achilles. There is nothing extravagant in the idea, for you have witnessed a similar effect attending even such a voice as mine, at midnight, from a garret window, on the dogs of a whole parish, whom I have put to flight in a moment. W. C.

LETTER XCIV.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, May 12, 1788.

It is probable, my dearest coz. that I shall not be able to write much, but as much as I can I will. The time between rising and breakfast is all that I can at present find, and this morning I lay longer than usual.

In the style of the lady's note to you I can easily perceive a smatch of her character. Neither men nor women write with such neatness of expression, who have not given a good deal of attention to language, and qualified themselves by study. At the same time it gave me much pleasure to observe, that my coz though not standing on the pinnacle of renown quite so elevated as that which lifts Mrs. Montagu to the clouds, falls in no degree short of her in this particular; so that, should she make you a member of her academy, she will do it honour. Suspect me not of flattering you, for I abhor the thought; neither *will* you suspect it. Recollect that it is an invariable rule with me never to pay compliments to those I love!

Two days, en suite, I have walked to Gayhurst; a longer journey than I have walked on foot these seventeen years. The first day I went alone, designing merely to make the experiment, and choosing to be at liberty to return at whatsoever point of my pilgrimage I should find myself fatigued. For I was not without suspicion that years, and some other things no less injurious than years, viz. melancholy and distress of mind, might, by this time, have unfitted me for such achievements. But I found it otherwise. I reached the church, which stands, as you know, in the garden, in

fifty-five minutes, and returned in ditto time to Weston. The next day I took the same walk with Mr. Powley, having a desire to show him the prettiest place in the country. I not only performed these two excursions without injury to my health, but have, by means of them, gained indisputable proof, that my ambulatory faculty is not yet impaired; a discovery which, considering that to my feet alone I am likely, as I have ever been, to be always indebted for my transportation from place to place, I find very delectable.

You will find in the last Gentleman's Magazine, a sonnet addressed to Henry Cowper, signed T. H. I am the writer of it. No creature knows this but yourself: you will make what use of the intelligence you shall see good. W. C.

LETTER XCV.

To JOSEPH HILL, Esquire.

May 24, 1788.

My dear Friend,

For two excellent prints, I return you my sincere acknowledgments. I cannot say that poor Kate resembles much the original, who was neither so young, nor so handsome as the pencil has represented her; but she was a figure well suited to the account given of her in the Task, and has a face exceedingly expressive of despairing melancholy. The lace-maker is accidentally a good likeness of a young woman, once our neighbour, who was hardly less handsome than the picture twenty years ago; but the loss of one husband, and the acquisition of another, have, since that time, impaired her much; yet still she might be supposed to have sat to the artist.

We dined yesterday with your friend and mine, the most companionable and domestic Mr. C——. The whole kingdom can hardly furnish a spectacle more pleasing to a man who has a taste for true happiness, than himself, Mrs. C——, and their multitudinous family. Seven long miles are interposed between us, or perhaps I should oftener have an opportunity of declaiming on this subject.

I am now in the nineteenth book of the Iliad, and on the point of displaying such feats of heroism, performed by Achilles, as make all other achievements trivial. I may well exclaim, Oh! for a Muse of fire! especially having not only a great host to cope with, but a great river also; much, however, may be done when Homer leads the way. I should not have chosen to have been the original author of such a business, even though all the Nine had stood at my elbow. Time has wonderful effects. We admire that in an ancient, for which we should send a modern bard to Bedlam.

I saw at Mr. C——'s a great curiosity: an antique bust of Paris, in Parian marble. You will conclude that it interested me exceedingly. I pleased myself with imagining that it once stood in Helen's chamber. It was in fact brought from the Levant, and though not well mended, (for it had suffered much by time) is an admirable performance.

W. C.

LETTER XCVI.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, May 27, 1788.

The General, in a letter which came yesterday, sent me enclosed a copy of my sonnet; thus introducing it.

"I send a copy of verses somebody has written in the Gentleman's Magazine for April last. Independent of my partiality towards the subject, I think the lines themselves are good."

Thus it appears, that my poetical adventure has succeeded to my wish; and I write to him by this post, on purpose to inform him that the somebody in question is myself.

I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montagu stands at the head of all that is called learned, and that every critic veils his bonnet to her superior judgment. I am now reading, and have reached the middle of her essay on the genius of Shakspeare; a book of which, strange as it may seem, though I must have read it formerly, I had absolutely forgot the existence.

The learning, the good sense, the sound judgment, and the wit displayed in it, fully justify, not only my compliment, but all compliments that either have been already paid to her talents, or shall be paid hereafter. Voltaire, I doubt not, rejoiced that his antagonist wrote in English, and that his countrymen could not possibly be judges of the dispute. Could they have known how much she was in the right, and by how many thousand miles the bard of Avon is superior to all their dramatists, the French critic would have lost half his fame among them.

I saw at Mr. C——'s a head of Paris; an antique of Parian marble. His uncle, who left him the estate, brought it, as I understand Mr. C——, from the Levant: you may suppose I viewed it with all the enthusiasm that belongs to a translator of Homer. It is, in reality, a great curiosity, and highly valuable.

Our friend Sephus has sent me two prints; the Lace-maker and Crazy Kate. These also I have contemplated with pleasure; having, as you know, a particular interest in them. The former of them is not

e beautiful than a lace-maker, once our neighbour
lney; though the artist has assembled as many
ms in her countenance as I ever saw in any coun-
nce, one excepted. Kate is both younger and
lsomer than the original from which I drew; but
s in a good style, and as mad as need be.
ow does this hot weather suit thee, my dear, in
lon? as for me, with all my collonades and bowers,
quite oppressed by it.

W. C.

LETTER XCVII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, June 3, 1788.

DEAREST COZ.

The excessive heat of these last
lays was, indeed, oppressive; but, excepting the
ior that it occasioned both in my mind and body, it
ar from being prejudicial to me. It opened ten
and pores, by which as many mischiefs, the effects
ig obstruction, began to breathe themselves forth
lantly. Then came an east wind, baneful to me
times, but following so closely such a sultry sea-
uncommonly noxious. To speak in the seaman's
e, not entirely strange to you, I was *taken all*
; and the humours which would have escaped, if
urus would have given them leave, finding every
shut, have fallen into my eyes. But, in a country
his, poor miserable mortals must be content to suf-
l that sudden and violent changes can inflict; and
are quit for about half the plagues that Caliban
lown on Prospero, they may say we are well off,
ance for joy, if the rheumatism or cramp will let

Did you ever see an advertisement by one Fowle, a dancing-master of Newport-Pagnel? if not, I will contrive to send it you for your amusement. It is the most extravagantly ludicrous affair of the kind I ever saw. The author of it had the good hap to be crazed, or he had never produced any thing half so clever; for you will ever observe, that they who are said to have lost their wits, have more than other people. It is, therefore, only a slander, with which envy prompts the malignity of persons in their senses, to asperse those who are wittier than themselves. But there are countries in the world, where the mad have justice done them, where they are revered as the subjects of inspiration, and consulted as oracles. Poor Fowle would have made a figure there. W. C.

LETTER XCVIII.

To JOSEPH HILL, Esquire.

Weston, June 8, 1788.

My dear Friend,

Your letter brought me the very first intelligence of the event it mentions. My last letter from Lady Hesketh gave me reason enough to expect it; but the certainty of it was unknown to me till I learned it by your information. If gradual decline, the consequence of great age, be a sufficient preparation of the mind to encounter such a loss, our minds were certainly prepared to meet it: yet, to you I need not say, that no preparation can supersede the feelings of the heart on such occasions. While our friends yet live, inhabitants of the same world with ourselves, they seem still to live to *us;* we are sure that they sometimes think of us; and however improbable it may seem, it is never impossible that we may see each other

in. But the grave like a great gulph, swallows expectations: and in the moment when a be-iend sinks into it, a thousand tender recollec-aken a regret, that will be felt in spite of all gs, and let our warnings have been what they Thus it is I take my last leave of poor Ashley, eart towards me was ever truly parental, and memory I owe a tenderness and respect that er leave me. W. C.

LETTER XCIX.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, June 10, 1788.

AR COZ.

Your kind letter of precaution to egson, sent him hither as soon as chapel service ed in the evening; but he found me apprized ent that occasioned it, by a line from Sephus, a few hours before. My dear uncle's death ed in me many reflections, which, for a time, spirits. A man, like him, would have been l, had he doubled the age he reached; at any death would have been felt as a loss that no could repair. And though it was not probable my own part, I should ever see him more, yet ciousness that he still lived was a comfort to it comfort us now, that we have lost him only e when nature could afford him to us no longer; his life was blameless, so was his death without ; and that he is gone to heaven. I know not an life, in its most prosperous state, can pre-thing to our wishes half so desirable as such a t.

mingle this subject with others that would ill

suit with it, I will add no more at present, than a warm hope that you and your sister will be able effectually to avail yourselves of all the consolatory matter with which it abounds. You gave yourselves, while he lived, to a father, whose life was doubtless prolonged by your attentions, and whose tenderness of disposition made him always deeply sensible of your kindness in this respect, as well as in many others. His old age was the happiest that I have ever known; and I give you both joy of having so well used it, to approve yourselves equal to the calls of such a duty in the sight of God and man.

W. C.

LETTER C.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, June 15, 1788.

Although I knew that you must be very much occupied on the present most affecting occasion, yet not hearing from you, I began to be very uneasy on your account, and to fear that your health might have suffered by the fatigue, both of body and spirits, that you must have undergone, till a letter, that reached me yesterday, from the General, set my heart at rest, so far as that cause of anxiety was in question. He speaks of my uncle in the tenderest terms; such as show how truly sensible he was of the amiableness and excellence of his character, and how deeply he regrets his loss. We have indeed lost one, who has not left his like in the present generation of our family, and whose equal, in all respects, no future of it will probably produce. My memory retains so perfect an impression of him, that had I been a painter instead of a poet, I could, from those faithful traces, have perpetuated his face and form with the most minute exactness. And this I *the rather wonder* at, because some with whom I was

equally conversant five and twenty years ago, have almost faded out of all recollection with me: but he made impression not soon to be effaced; and was in figure, in temper, and manner, and in numerous other respects, such as I shall never behold again. I often think what a joyful interview there has been between him and some of his contemporaries who went before him. The truth of the matter is, my dear, that they are the happy ones, and that we shall never be such ourselves till we have joined the party. Can there be any thing so worthy of our warmest wishes, as to enter on an eternal, unchangeable state, in blessed fellowship and communion with those whose society we valued most, and for the best reasons while they continued with us? A few steps more, through a vain foolish world, and this happiness will be yours: but be not hasty, my dear, to accomplish thy journey! For of all that live, thou art one whom I can least spare, for thou also art one who shall not leave thy equal behind thee. W. C.

LETTER CI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, June 23, 1788.

When I tell you that an unanswered letter troubles my conscience, in some degree, like a crime, you will think me endued with a most heroic patience, who have so long submitted to that trouble on account of yours not answered yet. But the truth is that I have been much engaged. Homer, you know, affords me constant employment: besides which, I have rather what may be called, considering the privacy in which I have long lived, a numerous correspondence: to one of my friends in particular, a near and much loved relation, I write weekly, and sometimes

twice a week: nor are these my only excuses; the sudden changes of the weather have much affected me, and especially with a disorder most unfavourable to letter-writing, an inflammation in my eyes. With all these apologies I approach you once more, not altogether despairing of forgiveness.

It has pleased God to give us rain, without which this part of our country at least must soon have become a desart. The meadows have been parched to a January brown, and we have foddered our cattle for some time, as in the winter.—The goodness and power of God are never, I believe, so universally acknowledged as at the end of a long drought. Man is naturally a self-sufficient animal, and in all concerns that seem to lie within the sphere of his own ability, thinks little or not at all of the need he always has of protection and furtherance from above: but he is sensible that the clouds will not assemble at his bidding, and that though the clouds assemble, they will not fall in showers because he commands them. When, therefore, at last, the blessing descends, you shall hear, even in the streets, the most irreligious and thoughtless, with one voice, exclaim, "Thank God!"—confessing themselves indebted to his favour, and willing, at least so far as words go, to give him the glory. I can hardly doubt, therefore, that the earth is sometimes parched, and the crops endangered, in order that the multitude may not want a memento to whom they owe them, nor absolutely forget the power on which all depend for all things.

Our solitary part of the year is over. Mrs. Unwin's daughter and son-in-law have lately spent some time with us: we shall shortly receive from London our old friends the Newtons, (he was once minister of Olney) and when they leave us, we expect that Lady Hesketh will succeed them, perhaps to spend the summer here, *and possibly* the winter also. The summer, indeed, is

leaving us at a rapid rate, as do all the seasons; and though I have marked their flight so often, I know not which is the swiftest. Man is never so deluded as when he dreams of his own duration. The answer of the old Patriarch to Pharaoh may be adopted by every man at the close of the longest life—"Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage." Whether we look back from fifty, or from twice fifty, the past appears equally a dream; and we can only be said truly to have lived while we have been profitably employed. Alas! then, making the necessary deductions, how short is life! Were men, in general, to save themselves all the steps they take to no purpose, or to a bad one, what numbers, who are now active, would become sedentary!

Thus I have sermonized through my paper. Living where you live, you can bear with me the better. I always follow the leading of my unconstrained thoughts when I write to a friend, be they grave or otherwise. Homer reminds me of you every day. I am now in the twenty-first Iliad. Adieu.

W. C.

LETTER CII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, July 28, 1788.

It is in vain that you tell me you have no talent at description, while, in fact, you describe better than any body. You have given me a most complete idea of your mansion and its situation; and I doubt not that, with your letter in my hand, by way of map, could I be set down on the spot in a moment, I should find myself qualified to take my walks and my pastime in *whatever* quarter of your paradise

it should please me the most to visit. We also, as you know, have scenes at Weston worthy of description; but because you know them well, I will only say that one of them has, within these few days, been much improved —I mean the lime-walk. By the help of the axe and the wood-bill, which have of late been constanly employed in cutting out all straggling branches that intercepted the arch, Mr. Throckmorton has now defined it with such exactness, that no cathedral in the world can show one of more magnificence or beauty. I bless myself that I live so near it; for were it distant several miles, it would be worth while to visit it, merely as an object of taste; not to mention the refreshment of such a gloom both to the eyes and spirits. And these are the things which our modern improvers of parks and pleasure grounds have displaced without mercy; because, forsooth, they are rectilinear. It is a wonder they do not quarrel with the sun-beams for the same reason.

Have you seen the account of five hundred celebrated authors now living? I am one of them; but stand charged with the high crime and misdemeanor of totally neglecting method—an accusation which, if the gentleman would take the pains to read me, he would find sufficiently refuted. I am conscious, at least myself, of having laboured much in the arrangement of my matter, and of having given to the several parts of every book of the Task, as well as to each poem in the first volume, that sort of slight connection which poetry demands; for in poetry (except professedly of the didactic kind) a logical precision would be stiff, pedantic, and ridiculous. But there is no pleasing some critics; the comfort is that I am contented whether they be pleased or not. At the same time, to my honour be it spoken, the chronicler of us five hundred prodigies bestows on me, for ought I know, more commendations

n on any other of my confraternity. May he live to te the histories of as many thousand poets, and find the very best among them! Amen!

join with you, my dearest coz. in wishing that I own- he fee-simple of all the beautiful scenes around you; such emoluments were never designed for poets. Am ıt happier than ever poet was, in having thee for my sin; and in the expectation of thy arrival here, enever Strawberry-Hill shall lose thee?

Ever thine, W. C.

LETTER CIII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, August 9, 1788.

The Newtons are still here, and tinue with us, I believe, until the 15th of the month. re is also my friend Mr. Rose, a valuable young man, o attracted by the effluvia of my genius, found me in my retirement last January twelvemonth. I have permitted him to be idle, but have made him tran- ibe for me the twelfth book of the Iliad. He brings the compliments of several of the literati with whom is acquainted in town; and tell me that, from Dr. clean, whom he saw lately, he learned that my book n the hands of sixty different persons at the Hague, ı are all enchanted with it; not forgetting the said Maclean himself, who tells him that he reads it eve- lay, and is always the better for it. Oh rare we! have been employed this morning in composing a in motto for the King's clock; the embellishments which are by Mr. Bacon. That gentleman break- ed with us on Wednesday, having come thirty-seven es out of his way on purpose to see your cousin. At request I *have done it*, and have made two; he will

choose that which liketh him best. Mr. Bacon is a most excellent man, and a most agreeable companion: I would that he lived not so remote, or that he had more opportunity of travelling.

There is not, so far as I know, a syllable of the rhyming correspondence between me and my poor brother left, save and except the six lines of it quoted in yours. I *had* the whole of it, but it perished in the wreck of a thousand other things when I left the Temple.

Breakfast calls. Adieu. W. C.

LETTER CIV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esq.

Weston, August 18, 1788.

My Dear Friend,

I left you with a sensible regret, alleviated only by the consideration, that I shall see you again in October. I was under some concern also, least, not being able to give you any certain directions myself, nor knowing where you might find a guide, you should wander and fatigue yourself, good walker as you are, before you should reach Northampton. Perhaps you heard me whistle just after our separation; it was to call back Beau, who was running after you with all speed to intreat you to return with me. For my part, I took my own time to return, and did not reach home till after one; and then so weary that I was glad of my great chair; to the comforts of which I added a crust, and a glass of rum and water, not without great occasion. Such a foot-traveller am I.

I am writing on Monday, but whether I shall finish my letter this morning depends on Mrs. Unwin's coming sooner or later down to breakfast. Something tells me that you set off to-day for Birmingham; and though it be

a sort of Iricism to say here, "I beseech you take care of yourself, for the day threatens great heat," I cannot help it; the weather may be cold enough at the time when that good advice shall reach you, but be it hot or be it cold, to a man who travels as you travel, "take care of yourself," can never be an unreasonable caution. I am sometimes distressed on this account, for though you are young, and well made for such exploits, those very circumstances are more likely than any thing to betray you into danger.

Consule quid valeant *plantæ*, quid ferre recusent.

The Newtons left us on Friday. We frequently talked about you after your departure, and every thing that was spoken was to your advantage. I know they will be glad to see you in London, and perhaps when your summer and autumn rambles are over, you will afford them that pleasure. The Throckmortons are equally well disposed to you; and them also I recommend to you as a valuable connection; the rather, because you can only cultivate it at Weston.

I have not been idle since you went, having not only laboured as usual at the Iliad, but composed a *stick* and *span* new piece, called, "The Dog and the Water-lily;" which you shall see when we meet again. I believe I related to you the incident which is the subject of it. I have also read most of Lavater's Aphorisms; they appear to me some of them wise, many of them whimsical, a few of them false, and not a few of them extravagant. Nil illi medium. If he finds in a man the feature or quality that he approves, he deifies him; if the contrary, he is a devil. His verdict is in neither case, I suppose, a just one.

LETTER CV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, Sept. 11, 1788.

My dear Friend,

Since your departure I have twice visited the oak, and with an intention of pushing my inquiries a mile beyond it, where it seems I should have found another oak much larger, and much more respectable than the former; but once I was hindered by the rain, and once by the sultriness of the day. This latter oak has been known by the name of Judith many ages; and is said to have been an oak at the time of the conquest. If I have not an opportunity to reach it before your arrival here, we will attempt that exploit together; and even if I should have been able to visit it ere you come, I shall yet be glad to do so; for the pleasure of extraordinary sights, like all other pleasures, is doubled by the participation of a friend.

You wish for a copy of my little dog's eulogium, which I will therefore transcribe; but by so doing, I shall leave myself but little room for prose.

I shall be sorry if our neighbours at the Hall should have left it when we have the pleasure of seeing you. I want you to see them soon again, that a little *consuetudo* may wear off restraint; and you may be able to improve the advantage you have already gained in that quarter. I pitied you for the fears which deprived you of your uncle's company, and the more, having suffered so much by those fears myself. Fight against that vicious fear, for such it is, as strenuously as you can. It is the worst enemy that can attack a man destined to the forum—it ruined me. To associate as much as possible with the most respectable company, for good sense and good breeding, is, I believe, the only, at least I am sure it is the best remedy. The soci-

ety of men of pleasure will not cure it, but it leaves us more exposed to its influence in compa better persons.

Now for the Dog and the Water-lily.*

W.

I.

On a SPANIEL, *called* BEAU, *killing a* YOUN BIRD.

A Spaniel, Beau, that fares like you,
  Well-fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
  Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
  Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
  Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat,
  And ease a doggish pain,
For him, though chas'd, with furious heat,
  You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
  Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
  Whom you have torn for yours.

Note by the Editor.—As the poem inserted in this has been printed repeatedly, I shall here intro- n its stead two sprightly little poems on the same ite *spaniel, written*, indeed, at a later period *herto, I believe,* unpublished.

My Dog! what remedy remains,
  Since, teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
  So much resemble man?

II.

BEAU'S REPLY.

Sir! when I flew to seize the bird,
  In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
  And harder to withstand:

You cried—"Forbear!"—but in my breast
  A mightier cried—"Proceed!"
'Twas Nature, Sir, whose strong behest
  Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet much as Nature I respect,
  I ventur'd once to break
(As you, perhaps, may recollect)
  Her precept, for your sake:

And when your linnet, on a day,
  Passing his prison door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away,
  And panting, press'd the floor;

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
  Not destin'd to my tooth,
I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
  And lick'd his feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse
  My disobedience now!

Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggriev'd Bow-wow!

If killing birds be such a crime,
(Which I can hardly see)
What think you, Sir, of killing time
With verse address'd to me?

LETTER CVI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, Sept. 25, 1788.

My dear Friend,

Say, what is the thing, by my riddle design'd,
Which you carried to London, and yet left behind?

I expect your answer, and without a fee. The half hour next before breakfast I devote to you: the moment Mrs. Unwin arrives in the study, be what I have written much or little, I shall make my bow, and take leave. If you live to be a Judge, as if I augur right you will, I shall expect to hear of a walking circuit.

I was shocked at what you tell me of. Superior talents, it seems, give no security for propriety of conduct; on the contrary, having a natural tendency to nourish pride, they often betray the possessor into such mistakes as men more moderately gifted never commit. Ability, therefore, is not wisdom; and an ounce of grace is a better guard against gross absurdity than the brightest talents in the world.

I rejoice that you are prepared for transcript work; here will be plenty for you. The day on which you shall receive this, I beg you will remember to drink one glass at least *to the* success of the Iliad, which I

finished the day before yesterday, and yesterday began the Odyssey. It will be some time before I shall perceive myself travelling in another road; the objects around me are, at present, so much the same; Olympus and a council of gods meet me at my first entrance. To tell you the truth, I am weary of heroes and deities, and, with reverence be it spoken, shall be glad, for the variety sake, to exchange their company for that of a Cyclops.

Weston has not been without its tragedies since you left us; Mrs. Throckmorton's piping bulfinch has been eaten by a rat, and the villain left nothing but poor Bully's beak behind him. It will be a wonder if this event does not, at some convenient time, employ my versifying passion. Did ever fair lady, from the Lesbia of Catullus to the present day, lose her bird, and find no poet to commemorate the loss? W. C.

LETTER CVII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, Nov. 30, 1788.

My dear Friend,

Your letter, accompanying the books with which you have favoured me, and for which I return you a thousund thanks, did not arrive till yesterday. I shall have great pleasure in taking, now and then, a peep at my old friend Vincent Bourne, the neatest of all men in his versification, though when I was under his ushership at Westminster, the most slovenly in his person. He was so inattentive to his boys, and so indifferent whether they brought him good or bad exercises, or none at all, that he seemed determined, as he was the best, so to be the last Latin Poet of the

Westminster line; a plot which, I believe, he executed very successfully, for I have not heard of any who has at all deserved to be compared with him.

We have had hardly any rain or snow since you left us; the roads are accordingly as dry as in the middle of summer, and the opportunity of walking much more favourable. We have no season, in my mind, so pleasant as such a winter; and I account it particularly fortunate that such it proves, my cousin being with us. She is in good health, and cheerful; so are we all: and this I say, knowing you will be glad to hear it, for you have seen the time when this could not be said of all your friends at Weston. We shall rejoice to see you here at Christmas; but I recollect when I hinted such an expression by word of mouth, you gave me no great encouragement to expect you. Minds alter, and yours may be of the number of those that do so; and if it should, you will be entirely welcome to us all. Were there no other reason for your coming than merely the pleasure it will afford to us, that reason alone would be sufficient; but after so many toils, and with so many more in prospect, it seems essential to your well-being that you should allow yourself a respite, which, perhaps, you can take as comfortably, I am sure as quietly, here as any where.

The ladies beg to be remembered to you with all possible esteem and regard: they are just come down to breakfast, and being at this moment extremely talkative, oblige me to put an end to my letter. Adieu.

W. C.

LETTER CVIII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, Jan. 19,

My dear Sir,

I have taken, since you
away, many of the walks which we have taken
ther, and none of them, I believe, without thoug
you. I have, though not a good memory in gener
a good local memory; and can recollect, by the h
a tree, or a stile, what you said on that particula
For this reason I purpose, when the summer is
to walk with a book in my pocket: what I read
fire-side I forget, but what I read under a hedge,
the side of a pond, that pond and that hedge will a
bring to my remembrance: and this is a sort of n
ria technica which I would recommend to you, if
not know that you have no occasion for it.

I am reading Sir John Hawkins, and still ho
same opinion of his book as when you were
There are in it undoubtedly some aukwardnes
phrase, and, which is worse, here and there some
quivocal indications of a vanity not easily pardona
a man of his years; but, on the whole, I find it am
and to me at least, to whom every thing that has p
in the literary world within these five-and-twenty
is new, sufficiently replete with information.
Throckmorton told me, about three days since, t
was lately recommended to him, by a sensible
as a book that would give him great insight int
history of modern literature and modern men o
ters; a commendation which I really think it m
Fifty years hence, perhaps, the world will feel
obliged to him. W.

LETTER CIX.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, Jan. 24, 1789.

›EAR SIR,

We have heard from my cousin ›rfolk-street; she reached home safely, and in time. An observation suggests itself, which, h I have but little time for observation-making, I allow myself time to mention. Accidents, as we ıem, generally occur when there seems least rea- expect them: if a friend of ours travels far in :rent roads, and at an unfavourable season, we :asonably alarmed for the safety of one in whom ke so much interest; yet how seldom do we hear ical account of such a journey! It is, on the con- at home, in our yard or garden, perhaps in our ır, that disaster finds us; in any place, in short, : we seem perfectly out of the reach of danger. :sson inculcated by such a procedure on the part vidence towards us, seems to be that of perpe- :pendence.

ring preached this sermon, I must hasten to a you know that I am not idle, nor can I afford to I would gladly spend more time with you, but ıe means or other this day has hitherto proved a hindrance and confusion.

W. C.

LETTER CX.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esq.

The Lodge, May 20, 1789.

My dear Sir,

Finding myself, between twelve and one, at the end of the seventeenth book of the Odyssey, I give the interval between the present moment and the time of walking to you. If I write letters before I sit down to Homer, I feel my spirits too flat for poetry, and too flat for letter-writing if I address myself to Homer first; but the last I choose as the least evil, because my friends will pardon my dulness, but the public will not.

I had been some days uneasy on your account when yours arrived. We should have rejoiced to have seen you, would your engagements have permitted: but in the autumn, I hope, if not before, we shall have the pleasure to receive you. At what time we may expect Lady Hesketh at present I know not; but imagine that at any time after the month of June you will be sure to find her with us, which I mention, knowing that to meet you will add a relish to all the pleasures she can find at Weston.

When I wrote those lines on the Queen's visit, I thought I had performed well; but it belongs to me, as I have told you before, to dislike whatever I write when it has been written a month. The performance was, therefore, sinking in my esteem, when your approbation of it arriving in good time, buoyed it up again. It will now keep possession of the place it holds in my good opinion, because it has been favoured with yours; and a copy will certainly be at your service whenever you choose to have one.

Nothing is more certain than that when I wrote the line,

God made the country, and man made the town,

I had not the least recollection of the very similar one which you quote from Hawkins Brown. It convinces me that critics (and none more than Warton, in his Notes on Milton's minor Poems) have often charged authors with borrowing what they drew from their own fund. Brown was an entertaining companion when he had drank his bottle, but not before: this proved a snare to him, and he would sometimes drink too much; but I know not that he was chargeable with any other irregularities. He had those among his intimates, who would not have been such, had he been otherwise viciously inclined; the Duncombs, in particular, father and son, who were of unblemished morals.

W. C.

ON THE QUEEN's VISIT TO LONDON,

The Night of the 17th March, 1789.

When long sequester'd from his throne,
  George took his seat again,
By right of worth, not blood alone,
  Entitled here to reign!

Then Loyalty, with all her lamps
  New trimm'd, a gallant show!
Chasing the darkness, and the damps,
  Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell, of streets, or squares,
  Which form'd the chief display,
These most resembling cluster'd stars,
  Those the long milky way.

Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires
  And rockets flew, self-driven,
To hang their momentary fires
  Amid the vault of heaven.

So, fire with water to compare,
  The ocean serves on high,
Up-spouted by a whale in air,
  T' express unwieldy joy.

Had all the pageants of the world
  In one procession join'd,
And all the banners been unfurl'd
  That heralds e'er design'd;

For no such sight had England's Queen
  Forsaken her retreat,
Where George recover'd made a scene
  Sweet always, doubly sweet.

Yet glad she came that night to prove
  A witness undescried,
How much the object of her love
  Was lov'd by all beside.

Darkness the skies had mantled o'er,
  In aid of her design—
Darkness, O Queen! ne'er call'd before
  To veil a deed of thine!

On borrow'd wheels away she flies,
  Resolv'd to be unknown,

And gratify no curious eyes
  That night, except her own.

Arriv'd, a night-like noon she sees,
  And hears the million hum;
As all by instinct, like the bees,
  Had known their sov'reign come.

Pleas'd she beheld aloft pourtray'd
  On many a splendid wall,
Emblems of health, and heav'nly aid,
  And George the theme of all.

Unlike the ænigmatic line,
  So difficult to spell!
Which shook Belshazzar, at his wine,
  The night his city fell.

Soon watery grew her eyes, and dim,
  But with a joyful tear!
None else, except in pray'r for him,
  George ever drew from her.

It was a scene in ev'ry part
  Like that in fable feign'd,
And seem'd by some magician's art
  Created, and sustain'd.

But other magic there she knew
  Had been exerted, none,
To raise such wonders in her view,
  Save love of George alone!

That cordial thought her spirit cheer'd,
  And through the cumb'rous throng,

Not else unworthy to be fear'd,
  Convey'd her calm along.

So, ancient poets say, serene
  The sea-maid rides the waves,
And fearless of the billowy scene,
  Her peaceful bosom laves.

With more than astronomic eyes
  She view'd the sparkling show;
One Georgian Star adorns the skies—
  She myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night
  Like that, once seen, suffice!
Heav'n grant us no such future sight,
  Such precious woe the price!

LETTER CXI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, June 5, 1789.

My dear Friend,

I am going to give you a deal of trouble. but London folks must be content to be troubled by country folks; for in London only can our strange necessities be supplied. You must buy for me, if you please, a cuckoo-clock; and now I will tell you where they are sold, which, Londoner as you are, it is possible you may not know. They are sold, I am informed, at more houses than one in that narrow part of Holborn which leads into Broad St. Giles'. It seems they are well-going clocks, and cheap, which are the two best recommendations of any clock. They are made in Germany, and such numbers of them are annually

ɔrted, that they are become even a considerable
:le of commerce.
return you thanks for Boswell's Tour. I read it to
. Unwin after supper, and we find it amusing.
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y narrative that relates indiscriminately all that
ed. But now and then the Doctor speaks like an
le, and that makes amends for all. Sir John was
xcomb, and Boswell is not less a coxcomb, though
ıother kind. I fancy Johnson made coxcombs of all
riends, and they, in return, made him a coxcomb;
with reverence be it spoken, such he certainly
and, flattered as he was, he was sure to be so.
hanks for your invitation to London, but unless
lon can come to me, I fear we shall never meet. I
sure that you would love my friend when you
ld once be well acquainted with him; and equally
that he would take kindly to you.
ow for Homer. W. C.

LETTER CXII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, June 20, 1789.

CO MEO,

I am truly sorry that it must be
ng before we can have an opportunity to meet.
:ousin, in her last letter but one, inspired me with
: expectations, expressing a purpose, if the mat-
ould be so contrived, of bringing you with her. I
willing to believe that you had consulted together
ıe subject, and found it feasible. A month was
erly a trifle in my account, but at my present age
e it all its importance, and grudge that so many
hs should yet pass in which I have not even a

erprize, are those who would eclipse us all. I that George would make the experiment: I bind on his laurels with my own hand.

ır gardener has gone after his wife; but having :ted to take his lyre, *alias* fiddle, with him, has t brought home his Eurydice. Your clock in the ıs stopped; and, strange to tell, it stopped at sight watchmaker! For he only looked at it, and it has notionless ever since. Mr. Gregson is gone, and all is a desolation. Pray dont think any place ınt that you may find in your rambles, that we ee you the sooner. Your aviary is all in good . I pass it every day, and often inquire at the ; the inhabitants of it send their duty, and wish ır return. I took notice of the inscription on eal, and had we an artist here capable of fur- g me with another, you should read on mine, ore une lettre."

eu. W. C.

LETTER CXIV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, July 23, 1789.

You do well, my dear Sir, to ve your opportunity: to speak in the rural :, this is your sowing time, and the sheaves you 'or can never be yours unless you make that use The colour of our whole life is generally such as ree or four first years, in which we are our own :s, make it. Then it is that we may be said to our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves :s of future successes or disappointments. Had I yed my time as wisely as you, in a situation very : to yours, I had never been a poet perhaps, but

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LETTER CXV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, August 8, 1789.

DEAR FRIEND,

Come when you will, or when an, you cannot come at a wrong time; but we expect you on the day mentioned.

'ou have any book that you think will make plea- evening reading, bring it with you. I now read Piozzi's Travels to the ladies after supper, and probably have finished them before we shall have leasure of seeing you. It is the fashion, I under- , to condemn them. But we, who make books lves, are more merciful to book-makers. I would every fastidious judge of authors were himself ob- to write: there goes more to the composition of lume than many critics imagine. I have often lered that the same poet who wrote the Dunciad d have witten these lines—

> "The mercy I to others show,
> "That mercy show to me."

! for Pope, if the mercy he shewed to others the measure of the mercy he received! He was ess pardonable too, because experienced in all the culties of composition.

scratch this between dinner and tea; a time when nnot write much without disordering my noddle, bringing a flush into my face. You will excuse me, refore, if through respect for the two important siderations of health and beauty, I conclude myself

Ever yours, W. C.

tailed in his circumstantial way, it would have furnished materials for a paragraph of considerable length in an Odyssey.

The straw-stuff'd hamper with his ruthless steel
He open'd, cutting sheer th' inserted cords
Which bound the lid and lip secure. Forth came
The rustling package first, bright straw of wheat,
Or oats, or barley; next a bottle green
Throat-full, clear spirits the contents, distill'd
Drop after drop odorous, by the art
Of the fair mother of his friend—the Rose.

And so on.

I should rejoice to be the hero of such a tale in the hands of Homer.

You will remember, I trust, that when the state of your health or spirits calls for rural walks and fresh air, you have always a retreat at Weston.

We are all well, all love you, down to the very dog; and shall be glad to hear that you have exchanged languor for alacrity, and the debility that you mention, for indefatigable vigour.

Mr. Throckmorton has made me a handsome present; Villoisson's edition of the Iliad, elegantly bound by Edwards. If I live long enough, by the contributions of my friends I shall once more be possessed of a library.

W. C.

LETTER CXVIII.

To JOSEPH HILL, Esquire.

Dec. 18, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The present appears to me a wonderful period in the history of mankind. That

'Twas hard to tell, of streets, or squares,
  Which form'd the chief display,
These most resembling cluster'd stars,
  Those the long milky way.

Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires,
  And rockets flew, self-driven,
To hang their momentary fires
  Amid the vault of heaven.

So, fire with water to compare,
  The ocean serves on high,
Up-spouted by a whale in air,
  T' express unwieldy joy.

Had all the pageants of the world
  In one procession join'd,
And all the banners been unfurl'd
  That heralds e'er design'd;

For no such sight had England's Queen
  Forsaken her retreat,
Where George recover'd made a scene
  Sweet always, doubly sweet.

Yet glad she came that night to prove
  A witness undescried,
How much the object of her love
  Was lov'd by all beside.

Darkness the skies had mantled o'er,
  In aid of her design—
Darkness, O Queen! ne'er call'd before
  To veil a deed of thine!

On borrow'd wheels away she flies,
  Resolv'd to be unknown,

And gratify no curious eyes
  That night, except her own.

Arriv'd, a night-like noon she sees,
  And hears the million hum;
As all by instinct, like the bees,
  Had known their sov'reign come.

Pleas'd she beheld aloft pourtray'd
  On many a splendid wall,
Emblems of health, and heav'nly aid,
  And George the theme of all.

Unlike the ænigmatic line,
  So difficult to spell!
Which shook Belshazzar, at his wine,
  The night his city fell.

Soon watery grew her eyes, and dim,
  But with a joyful tear!
None else, except in pray'r for him,
  George ever drew from her.

It was a scene in ev'ry part
  Like that in fable feign'd,
And seem'd by some magician's art
  Created, and sustain'd.

But other magic there she knew
  Had been exerted, none,
To raise such wonders in her view,
  Save love of George alone!

That cordial thought her spirit cheer'd,
  And through the cumb'rous throng,

Not else unworthy to be fear'd,
  Convey'd her calm along.

So, ancient poets say, serene
  The sea-maid rides the waves,
And fearless of the billowy scene,
  Her peaceful bosom laves.

With more than astronomic eyes
  She view'd the sparkling show;
One Georgian Star adorns the skies—
  She myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night
  Like that, once seen, suffice!
Heav'n grant us no such future sight,
  Such precious woe the price!

LETTER CXI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, June 5, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am going to give you a deal of trouble. but London folks must be content to be troubled by country folks; for in London only can our strange necessities be supplied. You must buy for me, if you will have a cuckoo-clock; and now I will tell you where they are sold, which, Londoner as you are, it is possible you may not know. They are sold, I am informed, at more houses than one in that narrow part of Holborn which leads into Broad St. Giles'. It seems they are well-going clocks, and cheap, which are the two best recommendations of any clock. They are made in Germany, and such numbers of them are annually

imported, that they are become even a considerable article of commerce.

I return you thanks for Boswell's Tour. I read it to Mrs. Unwin after supper, and we find it amusing. There is much trash in it, as there always must be in every narrative that relates indiscriminately all that passed. But now and then the Doctor speaks like an oracle, and that makes amends for all. Sir John was a coxcomb, and Boswell is not less a coxcomb, though of another kind. I fancy Johnson made coxcombs of all his friends, and they, in return, made him a coxcomb; for, with reverence be it spoken, such he certainly was, and, flattered as he was, he was sure to be so.

Thanks for your invitation to London, but unless London can come to me, I fear we shall never meet. I was sure that you would love my friend when you should once be well acquainted with him; and equally sure that he would take kindly to you.

Now for Homer. W. C.

LETTER CXII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, June 20, 1789.

AMICO MEO,

I am truly sorry that it must be so long before we can have an opportunity to meet. My cousin, in her last letter but one, inspired me with other expectations, expressing a purpose, if the matter could be so contrived, of bringing you with her. I was willing to believe that you had consulted together on the subject, and found it feasible. A month was formerly a trifle in my account, but at my present age I give it all its importance, and grudge that so many months should yet pass in which I have not even a

glimpse of those I love; and of whom, the course of nature considered, I must ere long take leave for ever. But I shall live till August.

Many thanks for the cuckoo, which arrived perfectly safe, and goes well, to the amusement and amazement of all who hear it. Hannah lies awake to hear it; and I am not sure that we have not others in the house that admire his music as much as she.

Having read both Hawkins and Boswell, I now think myself almost as much a master of Johnson's character as if I had known him personally; and cannot but regret, that our *bards of other times* found no such biographers as these. They have both been ridiculed, and the wits have had their laugh; but such an history of Milton or Shakspeare as they have given of Johnson —Oh, how desirable! W. C.

LETTER CXIII.

To Mrs. THROCKMORTON.

July 18, 1789.

Many thanks, my dear Madam, for your extract from George's letter! I retain but little Italian; yet that little was so forcibly mustered, by the consciousness that I was myself the subject, that I presently became master of it. I have always said that George is a poet, and I am never in his company but I discover proofs of it; and the delicate address by which he has managed his complimentary mention of me, convinces me of it still more than ever. Here are a thousand poets of us who have impudence enough to write for the public; but amongst the modest men, who are by diffidence restrained from such

nterprize, are those who would eclipse us all.
, that George would make the experiment:
ld bind on his laurels with my own hand.
our gardener has gone after his wife; but having
ected to take his lyre, *alias* fiddle, with him, has
vet brought home his Eurydice. Your clock in the
has stopped; and, strange to tell, it stopped at sight
e watchmaker! For he only looked at it, and it has
motionless ever since. Mr. Gregson is gone, and
Hall is a desolation. Pray dont think any place
sant that you may find in your rambles, that we
see you the sooner. Your aviary is all in good
th. I pass it every day, and often inquire at the
ce; the inhabitants of it send their duty, and wish
our return. I took notice of the inscription on
seal, and had we an artist here capable of fur-
ng me with another, you should read on mine,
ıcore une lettre."
dieu. W. C.

LETTER CXIV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, July 23, 1789.

You do well, my dear Sir, to
your opportunity: to speak in the rural
this is your sowing time, and the sheaves you
can never be yours unless you make that use
he colour of our whole life is generally such as
or four first years, in which we are our own
make it. Then it is that we may be said to
own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves
future successes or disappointments. Had I
my time as wisely as you, in a situation very
ours, I had *never* been a poet perhaps, but

I might by this time have acquired a character of more importance in society. and a situation in which my friends would have been better pleased to see me. But three years mis-spent in an attorney's office, were almost of course followed by several more equally mis-spent in the temple; and the consequence has been, as the Italian epitaph says, "*Sto qui.*" The only use I can make of myself now, at least the best, is to serve *in terrorem* to others, when occasion may happen to offer, that they may escape (so far as my admonitions can have any weight with them) my folly and my fate. When you feel yourself tempted to relax a little of the strictness of your present discipline, and to indulge in amusement incompatible with your future interests, think on your friend at Weston.

Having said this, I shall next, with my whole heart, invite you hither, and assure you that I look forward to approaching August with great pleasure; because it promises me your company. After a little time (which we shall wish longer) spent with us, you will return invigorated to your studies, and pursue them with the more advantage. In the mean time you have lost little, in point of season, by being confined to London. Incessant rains, and meadows under water, have given to the summer the air of winter, and the country has been deprived of half its beaties.

It is time to tell you that we are all well, and often make you our subject. This is the third meeting that my cousin and we have had in this country; and a great instance of good fortune I account it, in such a world as this, to have expected such a pleasure thrice without being once disappointed. Add to this wonder as soon as you can, by making yourself of the party.

W. C.

LETTER CXV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, August 8, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Come when you will, or when you can, you cannot come at a wrong time; but we shall expect you on the day mentioned.

If you have any book that you think will make pleasant evening reading, bring it with you. I now read Mrs. Piozzi's Travels to the ladies after supper, and shall probably have finished them before we shall have the pleasure of seeing you. It is the fashion, I understand, to condemn them. But we, who make books ourselves, are more merciful to book-makers. I would that every fastidious judge of authors were himself obliged to write: there goes more to the composition of a volume than many critics imagine. I have often wondered that the same poet who wrote the Dunciad should have witten these lines—

> "The mercy I to others show,
> "That mercy show to me."

Alas! for Pope, if the mercy he shewed to others was the measure of the mercy he received! He was the less pardonable too, because experienced in all the difficulties of composition.

I scratch this between dinner and tea; a time when I cannot write much without disordering my noddle, and bringing a flush into my face. You will excuse me, therefore, if through respect for the two important considerations of health and beauty, I conclude myself

Ever yours, W. C.

LETTER CXVI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, Sept. 2

My dear Friend,

You left us exactly at th time. Had you staid till now, you would have pleasure of hearing even my cousin say, " I am and the still greater pleasure of being warm y for I have had a fire in the study ever si went. It is the fault of our summers that they a ly ever warm or cold enough. Were they war should not want a fire, and were they colder we have one.

I have twice seen and conversed with Mr. He is witty, intelligent, and agreeable beyond t mon measure of men who are so. But it is the c effect of a spirit of party to make those hateful other who are truly amiable in themselves.

Beau sends his love; he was melancholy th day after your departure.

LETTER CXVII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, Sept. 11.

My dear Friend,

The hamper is come, an safe; and the contents I can affirm, on my own ledge, are excellent. It chanced that another h and a box came by the same conveyance, all v unpacked and expounded in the hall; my cousin mean time on the stairs, spectatress of the b We diverted ourselves with imagining the ma which Homer would have described the scene

tailed in his circumstantial way, it would have furnished materials for a paragraph of considerable length in an Odyssey.

The straw-stuff'd hamper with his ruthless steel
He open'd, cutting sheer th' inserted cords
Which bound the lid and lip secure. Forth came
The rustling package first, bright straw of wheat,
Or oats, or barley; next a bottle green
Throat-full, clear spirits the contents, distill'd
Drop after drop odorous, by the art
Of the fair mother of his friend—the Rose.
And so on.

I should rejoice to be the hero of such a tale in the hands of Homer.

You will remember, I trust, that when the state of your health or spirits calls for rural walks and fresh air, you have always a retreat at Weston.

We are all well, all love you, down to the very dog; and shall be glad to hear that you have exchanged languor for alacrity, and the debility that you mention, for indefatigable vigour.

Mr. Throckmorton has made me a handsome present; Villoisson's edition of the Iliad, elegantly bound by Edwards. If I live long enough, by the contributions of my friends I shall once more be possessed of a library. W. C.

LETTER CXVIII.

To JOSEPH HILL, Esquire.

Dec. 18, 1789.

My dear Friend,

The present appears to me a wonderful period in the history of mankind. That

nations so long contentedly slaves should, on a sudden, become enamoured of liberty, and understand, as suddenly, their own natural right to it, feeling themselves, at the same time, inspired with resolution to assert it, seems difficult to account for from natural causes. With respect to the final issue of all this, I can only say, that if, having discovered the value of liberty, they should next discover the value of peace, and, lastly, the value of the word of God, they will be happier than they ever were since the rebellion of the first pair, and as happy as it is possible they should be in the present life.

Most sincerely yours, W. C.

LETTER CXIX.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, Jan. 3, 1790.

My dear Sir,

I have been long silent, but you have had the charity, I hope and believe, not to ascribe my silence to a wrong cause, The truth is, I have been too busy to write to any body, having been obliged to give my early mornings to the revisal and correction of a little volume of Hymns for Children, written by, I know not whom. This task I finished but yesterday, and while it was in hand, wrote only to my cousin, and to her rarely. From her, however, I knew that you would hear of my well-being, which made me less anxious about my debts to you than I could have been otherwise.

I am almost the only person at Weston, known to you, who have enjoyed tolerable health this winter. In your next letter give us some account of your own state of health, for I have had my anxieties about you. The *winter has been mild*; but our winters are, in general,

such, that when a friend leaves us in the beginning of that season, I alwyas feel in my heart a *perhaps*, importing that we have possibly met for the last time, and that the robins may whistle on the grave of one of us before the return of summer.

I am still thrumming Homer's lyre; that is to say, I am still employed in my last revisal; and to give you some idea of the intenseness of my toils, I will inform you that it cost me all the morning yesterday, and all the evening, to translate a single simile to my mind. The transitions from one member of the subject to another, though easy and natural in the Greek, turn out often so intolerably aukward in an English version, that almost endless labour, and no little address, are requisite to give them grace and elegance. I forget if I told you that your German Clavis has been of considerable use to me. I am indebted to it for a right understanding of the manner in which Achilles prepared pork, mutton, and goat's flesh for the entertainment of his friends in the night when they came deputed by Agamemnon to nogociate a reconciliation: a passage of which nobody in the world is perfectly master, myself only and Schaufelbergerus excepted, nor ever was, except when Greek was a *live* language.

I do not know whether my cousin has told you or not, how I brag in my letters to her concerning my translation: perhaps her modesty feels more for me than mine for myself, and she would blush to let even you know the degree of my self-conceit on that subject. I will tell you, however, expressing myself as decently as vanity will permit, that it has undergone such a change for the better in this revisal, that I have much warmer hopes of success than formerly. W. C.

LETTER CXX.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Jan. 23, 1790.

MY DEAR COZ.

I had a letter yesterday from the wild boy Johnson, for whom I have conceived a great affection. It was just such a letter as I like, of the true helter-skelter kind; and though he writes a remarkable good hand, scribbled with such rapidity, that it was barely legible He gave me a droll account of the adventures of Lord Howard's note, and of his own in pursuit of it. The poem he brought me came as from Lord Howard, with his Lordship's request that I would revise it. It is in the form of a pastoral, and is entitled, "*Tale of the Lute*, or, *the Beauties of Audley End*." I read it attentively; was much pleased with part of it, and part of it I equally disliked. I told him so, and in such terms as one naturally uses when there seems to be no occasion to qualify, or to alleviate censure. I observed him afterwards somewhat more thoughtful and silent, but occasionally as pleasant as usual; and in Kilwick-wood, where we walked the next day, the truth came out, that he was himself the author, and that Lord Howard, not approving it altogether, and several friends of his own age, to whom he had shown it, differing from his Lordship in opinion, and being highly pleased with it, he had come at last to a resolution to abide by my judgment; a measure to which Lord Howard by all means advised him. He accordingly brought it, and will bring it again in the summer, when we shall lay our heads together, and try to mend it.

I have lately had a letter also from Mrs. King, *whom, indeed,* I had written to inquire whether sh

were living or dead; she tells me, the critics expect from my Homer every thing in some parts, and that, in others, I shall fall short. These are the Cambridge critics; and she had her intelligence from the botanical professor, Martyn. That gentleman, in reply, answers them, that I shall fall short in nothing, but shall disappoint them all. It shall be my endeavour to do so, and I am not without hope of succeeding.

W. C.

LETTER CXXI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, Feb. 2, 1790.

My dear Friend,

Should Heyne's Homer appear before mine, which I hope is not probable, and should he adopt in it the opinion of Bentley, that the whole last Odyssey is spurious, I will dare to contradict both him and the Doctor. I am only in part of Bentley's mind (if indeed his mind were such) in this matter, and, giant as he was in learning, and eagle-eyed in criticism, am persuaded, convinced, and sure, (can I be more positive?) that, except from the moment when the Ithacans begin to meditate an attack on the cottage of Laertes, and thence to the end, that book is the work of Homer. From the moment aforesaid I yield the point, or rather have never, since I had any skill in Homer, felt myself at all inclined to dispute it. But I believe perfectly, at the same time, that, Homer himself alone excepted, the Greek poet never existed who could have written the speeches made by the shade of Agamemnon; in which there is more insight into the human heart discovered than I ever saw in any work, unless in Shakspeare's. I am equally dis-

posed to fight for the whole passage that describes Laertes, and the interview between him and Ulysses. Let Bentley grant these to Homer, and I will shake hands with him as to all the rest. The battle with which the book concludes is, I think, a paltry battle, and there is a huddle in the management of it, altogether unworthy of my favourite, and the favourite of all ages.

If you should happen to fall into company with Dr. Warton again, you will not, I dare say, forget to make him my respectful compliments, and to assure him that I felt myself not a little flattered by the favourable mention he was pleased to make of me and my labours. The poet who pleases a man like him has nothing left to wish for. I am glad that you were pleased with my young cousin Johnson; he is a boy, and bashful, but has great merit in respect both of character and intellect. So far at least as in a week's knowledge of him I could possibly learn, he is very amiable and very sensible, and inspired me with a warm wish to know him better.

W. C.

LETTER CXXII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, Feb. 9, 1790.

I have sent you lately scraps instead of letters, having had occasion to answer immediately on the receipt, which always happens when I am *deep in Homer*.

I knew, when I recommended Johnson to you, that you would find some way to serve him, and so it has happened; for, notwithstanding your own apprehensions to the contrary, you have already procured him a chaplainship. This is pretty well, considering that it is an early day, and that you have but just begun to know

that there is such a man under heaven. I had rather myself be patronized by a person of small interest, with a heart like yours, than by the Chancellor himself, if he did not care a farthing for me.

If I did not desire you to make my acknowledgments to Anonymous, as I believe I did not, it was because I am not aware that I am warranted to do so. But the omission is of less consequence, because, whoever he is, though he has no objection to doing the kindest things, he seems to have an aversion to the thanks they merit.

You must know, that two Odes, composed by Horace, have lately been discovered at Rome: I wanted them transcribed into the blank leaves of a little Horace of mine, and Mrs. Throckmorton performed that service for me: in a blank leaf, therefore, of the same book, I wrote the following. W. C.

To Mrs. THROCMORTON,

On her beautiful Transcript of Horace's Ode,

Ad librum suum.

Maria, could Horace have guess'd
  What honours awaited his Ode,
To his own little volume address'd,
  The honour which you have bestow'd;
Who have trac'd it in characters here,
  So elegant, even, and neat;
He had laugh'd at the critical sneer
  Which he seems to have trembled to meet.

And sneer, you if please, he had said,
  Hereafter a nymph shall arise,
Who shall give me, when you are all dead,
  The glory your malice denies;

Shall dignity give to my lay,
Although but a mere bagatelle:
And even a poet shall say,
Nothing ever was written so well.

LETTER CXXIII.
To Lady HESKETH.

Feb. 26,

You have set my heart at
my cousin, so far as you were yourself the object
anxieties. What other troubles it feels can be
by God alone. But you are never silent a week l
than usual, without giving an opportunity to my i
nation (ever fruitful in flowers of a sable hue) to
me with them day and night. London is, inde
pestilent place, as you call it, and I would, with a
heart, that thou hadst less to do with it: were yo
der the same roof with me, I should know you
safe, and should never distress you with melan
letters.

I feel myself well enough inclined to the measu
propose, and will show to your new acquaintance,
all my heart, a sample of my translation. But it
not be, if you please, taken from the Odyssey.
poem of a gentler character than the Iliad, an
propose to carry her by a *coup de main*, I shall e
Achilles, Agamemnon, and the two armies of G
and Troy, in my service. I will accordingly sen
in the box that I received from you last night, th
books of the Iliad, for that lady's perusal: to th
have given a th[illegible] revisal; for them, therefore,
be answerable, [illegible]d am not afraid to stake the
of my work upon *them* with her, or with any
wight, especially one who understands the origin

do not mean that even they are finished; for I shall examine and cross-examine them yet again, and so you may tell her; but I know that they will not disgrace me; whereas it is so long since I have looked at the Odyssey, that I know nothing at all about it. They shall set sail from Olney on Monday morning in the Diligence, and will reach you, I hope, in the evening. As soon as she is done with them, I shall be glad to have them again; for the time draws near when I shall want to give them the last touch.

I am delighted with Mrs. Bodham's kindness in giving me the only picture of my own mother that is to be found, I suppose, in all the world. I had rather possess it than the richest jewel in the British crown, for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty-two years since, has not in the least abated. I remember her too, young as I was, when she died, well enough to know that it is a very exact resemblance of her, and, as such, it is to me invaluable. Every body loved her, and, with an amiable character so impressed on all her features, every body was sure to do so.

I have a very affectionate, and a very clever letter from Johnson, who promises me the transcript of the books entrusted to him in a few days. I have a great love for that young man; he has some drops of the same stream in his veins that once animated the original of that dear picture. W. C.

LETTER CXXIV.

To Mrs. BODHAM.

Weston, Feb. 27, 1790.

My dearest Rose,

Whom I thought withered, and fallen from the stalk, but whom I find still alive: no-

thing could give me greater pleasure than to know it, and to learn it from yourself. I loved you dearly when you were a child, and love you not a jot the less for having ceased to be so. Every creature that bears any affinity to my own mother is dear to me, and you, the daughter of her brother, are but one remove distant from her: I love you, therefore, and love you much, both for her sake and for your own. The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object I see at night, and of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I had completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember, too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression. There is in me, I believe, more of the Donne than of the Cowper, and though I love all of both names, and have a thousand reasons to love those of my own name, yet I feel the bond of nature draw me vehemently to your side. I was thought, in the days of my childhood, much to resemble my mother; and, in my natural temper, of which, at the age of fifty-eight, I must be supposed a competent judge, can trace both her and my late uncle, your father. Somewhat of his irritability, and a little, I would hope, both of his and of her———, I know not what to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention; but, speaking to *you*, I will even speak out and say *good-nature*. Add to all this, I deal much

poetry, as did our venerable ancestor, the Dean of St. Paul's, and I think I shall have proved myself a Donne at all points. The truth is, that whatever I am, I love you all.

I account it a happy event that brought the dear boy, your nephew, to my knowledge, and that breaking through all the restraints which his natural bashfulness imposed on him, he determined to find me out. He is amiable to a degree that I have seldom seen, and I often long with impatience to see him again.

My dearest cousin, what shall I say in answer to your affectionate invitation? I *must* say this, I cannot come now, nor soon, and I wish, with all my heart, I could. But I will tell you what may be done, perhaps, and it will answer to us just as well: you and Mr. Bodham can come to Weston, can you not? The summer is at hand; there are roads and wheels to bring you, and you are neither of you translating Homer. I am crazed that I cannot ask you altogether, for want of house-room, but for Mr. Bodham and yourself we have good room, and equally good for any third in the shape of a Donne, whether named Hewitt, Bodham, Balls, or Johnson, or by whatever name distinguished. Mrs. Hewitt has particular claims upon me; she was my play-fellow at Berkhamstead, and has a share in my warmest affections. Pray tell her so. Neither do I at all forget my cousin Harriet. She and I have been many a time merry at Catfield, and have made the parsonage ring with laughter. Give my love to her. Assure yourself, my dearest cousin, that I shall receive you as if you were my sister, and Mrs. Unwin for my sake, prepared to do the same. When she has seen you, she will love you for your own.

I am much obliged to Mr. Bodham for his kindness

to my Homer, and with my love to you all, and with Mrs. Unwin's kind respects, am, my dear, dear Rose, ever yours, W. C.

P. S. I mourn the death of your poor brother Castres, whom I should have seen had he lived, and should have seen with the greatest pleasure. He was an amiable boy, and I was very fond of him.

Still another P. S.—I find, on consulting Mrs. Unwin, that I have under-rated our capabilities, and that we have not only room for you and Mr. Bodham, but for two of your sex, and even for your nephew into the bargain. We shall be happy to have it all so occupied.

Your nephew tells me that his sister, in the qualities of the mind, resembles you; that is enough to make her dear to me, and I beg you will assure her that she is so. Let it not be long before I hear from you.

LETTER CXXV.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, Feb. 28, 1790.

My dear Cousin John,

I have much wished to hear from you, and though you are welcome to write to Mrs. Unwin as often as you please, I wish myself numbered among your correspondents.

I shall find time to answer you, doubt it not! Be as busy as we may, we can always find time to do what is agreeable to us. By the way, had you a letter from Mrs. Unwin? I am witness that she addressed one to you before you went into Norfolk; but your mathematico-poetical head forgot to acknowledge the receipt of it.

I was never more pleased in my life than to learn, and to learn from herself, that my dearest Rose* is still alive. Had she not engaged me to love her by the sweetness of her character when a child, she would have done it effectually now, by making me the most acceptable present in the world—my own dear mother's picture. I am, perhaps, the only person living who remembers her, but I remember her well, and attest, on my own knowledge, the truth of the resemblance. Amiable and elegant as the countenance is, such exactly was her own: she was one of the tenderest parents, and so just a copy of her is, therefore, to me invaluable.

I wrote yesterday to my Rose, to tell her all this, and to thank her for her kindness in sending it; neither do I forget your kindness who intimated to her that I should be happy to possess it.

She invites me into Norfolk; but, alas; she might as well invite the house in which I dwell; for, all other considerations and impediments apart, how is it possible that a translator of Homer should lumber to such a distance? But though I cannot comply with her kind invitation, I have made myself the best amends in my power, by inviting her, and all the family of Donnes, to Weston. Perhaps we could not accommodate them all at once, but in succession we could; and can at any time find room for five, three of them being females; and one a married one. You are a mathematician; tell me, then, how five persons can be lodged in three beds, two males and three females; and I shall have good hope that you will proceed a senior optime. It would make me happy to see our house so furnished. As to yourself, whom I know to be *a subscalarian*, or a man that sleeps under the stairs, I should have no objection at all, neither could you possibly have any yourself, to the garret, as a place

* Mrs. Ann Bodham.

in which you might be disposed of with great felicity of accommodation.

I thank you much for your services in the transcribing way, and would by no means have you despair of an opportunity to serve me in the same way yet again. Write to me soon, and tell me when I shall see you.

I have not said the half that I have to say; but breakfast is at hand, which always terminates my epistles.

What have you done with your poem? The trimming that it procured you here has not, I hope, put you out of conceit with it entirely; you are more than equal to the alteration that it needs. Only remember, that in writing, perspicuity is always more than half the battle. The want of it is the ruin of more than half the poetry that is published. A meaning that does not stare you in the face is as bad as no meaning, because nobody will take the pains to poke for it. So now adieu for the present. Beware of killing yourself with problems, for if you do you will never live to be another Sir Isaac.

Mrs. Unwin's affectionate remembrances attend you; Lady Hesketh is much disposed to love you; perhaps most who know you have some little tendency the same way.

W. C.

LETTER CXXVI.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, March 8, 1790.

My dearest Cousin,

I thank thee much, and oft, for negociating so well this poetical concern with Mrs.——, and for sending me her opinion in her own hand. I should be unreasonable indeed, not to be highly gratified by it; and I like it the better for being modestly ex-

pressed. It is, as you know, and it shall be some months longer, my daily business to polish and improve what is done, that, when the whole shall appear, she may find her expectations answered. I am glad also that thou didst send her the sixteenth Odyssey, though, as I said before, I know not at all, at present, whereof it is made; but I am sure that thou wouldst not have sent it, hadst thou not conceived a good opinion of it thyself, and thought that it would do me credit. It was very kind in thee to sacrifice to this Minerva on my account.

For my sentiments on the subject of the test-act, I cannot do better than refer thee to my poem, entitled and called "Expostulation." I have there expressed myself not much in its favour, considering it in a religious view; and in a political one I like it not a jot the better. I am neither tory nor high churchman, but an old whig, as my father was before me, and an enemy, consequently, to all tyrannical impositions.

Mrs. Unwin bids me return thee many thanks for thy inquiries so kindly made concerning her health. She is a little better than of late, but has been ill continually ever since last November. Every thing that could try patience and submission she has had, and her submission and patience have answered in the trial, though mine, on her account, have often failed sadly.

I have a letter from Johnson, who tells me that he has sent his transcript to you, begging, at the same time, more copy. Let him have it by all means; he is an industrious youth, and I love him dearly. I told him that you are disposed to love him a little. A new poem is born on the receipt of my mother's picture. Thou shalt have it. W. C.

LETTER CXXVII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, March 11, 1790.

I was glad to hear from you, for a line from you gives me always much pleasure, but was not much gladdened by the contents of your letter. The state of your health, which I have learned more accurately, perhaps, from my cousin, except in this last instance, than from yourself, has rather alarmed me; and even she has collected her information upon that subject more from your looks than from your own acknowledgments. To complain much, and often, of our indispositions, does not always insure the pity of the hearer, perhaps sometimes forfeits it; but to dissemble them altogether, or, at least, to suppress the worst, is attended ultimately, with an inconvenience greater still; the secret will out at last, and our friends, unprepared to receiveit, are doubly distressed about us. In saying this I squint a little at Mrs. Unwin, who will read it: it is with her, as with you, the only subject on which she practises any dissimulation at all; the consequence is, that when she is much indisposed I never believe myself in possession of the whole truth, live in constant expectation of hearing something worse, and at the long run, am seldom disappointed. It seems, therefore, as on all other occasions, so even in this, the better course, on the whole, to appear what we are, not to lay the fears of our friends asleep by cheerful looks which do not properly belong to us, or by letters written as if we were well, when, in fact, we are very much otherwise. On condition, however, that you act differently toward me for the future, I will pardon the past, and she may gather, from my clemency shown to you, some hopes, on the same conditions, of similar clemency to herself.

W. C.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To Mrs. THROCKMORTON.

The Lodge, March 21, 1790.

DEAREST MADAM,

I shall only observe, on the sub-
of your absence, that you have stretched it since
went, and have made it a week longer. Weston is
y *unked* without you; and here are two of us who
be heartily glad to see you again. I believe you
happier at home than any where, which is a com-
able belief to your neighbours, because it affords as-
nce that, since you are neither likely to ramble for
sure, nor to meet with any avocations of business,
le Weston shall continue to be your home, it will not
n want you.

'he two first books of my Iliad have been submitted
he inspection and scrutiny of a great critic of your
, at the instance of my cousin, as you may suppose.
e lady is mistress of more tongues than a few, (it is
e hoped she is single) and particularly she is mistress
the Greek. She returned them with expressions
t, if any thing could make a poet prouder than all
ts naturally are, would have made me so. I tell you
because I know that you all interest yourselves in
success of the said Iliad.

My periwig is arrived, and is the very perfection of
periwigs, having only one fault, which is, that my
d will only go into the first half of it, the other half,
he upper part of it, continuing still unoccupied. My
ist in this way at Olney has, however, undertaken
make the whole of it tenantable; and then I shall be
enty years younger than you have ever seen me.

I heard of your birth-day very early in the morning:
e news came from the steeple.

W. C.

LETTER CXXIX.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, March 22, 1790.

I rejoice, my cousin, that my MSS. have roamed the earth so successfully, and have met with no disaster. The single book excepted that went to the bottom of the Thames, and rose again, they have been fortunate without exception. I am not superstitious, but have, nevertheless, as good a right to believe that adventure an omen, and a favourable one, as Swift had to interpret as he did the loss of a fine fish, which he had no sooner laid on the bank than it flounced into the water again. This, he tells us himself, he always considered as a type of his future disappointments; and why may I not as well consider the marvellous recovery of my lost book from the bottom of the Thames as typical of its future prosperity? To say the truth, I have no fears now about the success of my translation, though in time past I have had many. I knew there was a style somewhere, could I but find it, in which Homer ought to be rendered, and which alone would suit him. Long time I blundered about it, ere I could attain to any decided judgment on the matter. At first I was betrayed, by a desire of accommodating my language to the simplicity of his, into much of the quaintness that belonged to our writers of the fifteenth century. In the course of many revisals I have delivered myself from this evil, I believe, entirely; but I have done it slowly, and as a man separates himself from his mistress when he is going to marry. I had so strong a predilection in favour of this style at first, that I was crazed to find that others were not so much enamoured with it as myself. At every passage of the sort which I obliterated I groaned bitterly, and said to myself, I am

spoiling my work to please those who have no taste for the simple graces of antiquity. But in measure, as I adopted a more modern phraseology, I became a convert to their opinion; and in the last revisal, which I am now making, am not sensible of having spared a single expression of the obsolete kind. I see my work so much improved by this alteration, that I am filled with wonder at my own backwardness to assent to the necessity of it: and the more, when I consider that Milton, with whose manner I account myself intimately acquainted, is never quaint, never twangs through the nose, but is every where grand and elegant, without resorting to musty antiquity for his beauties. On the contrary, he took a long stride forward, left the language of his own day far behind him, and anticipated the expressions of a century yet to come.

I have now, as I said, no longer any doubt of the event, but I will give thee a shilling if thou wilt tell me what I shall say in my preface. It is an affair of much delicacy, and I have as many opinions about it as there are whims in a weather-cock.

Send my MSS. and thine when thou wilt. In a day or two I shall enter on the last Iliad. When I have finished it I shall give the Odyssey one more reading, and shall, therefore, shortly have occasion for the copy in thy possession; but you see that there is no need to hurry.

I leave the little space for Mrs. Unwin's use, who means, I believe, to occupy it, and am evermore thine most truly.

W. C.

Postscript in the hand of Mrs. Unwin.

You cannot imagine how much your ladyship would oblige your unworthy servant, if you would be so good to let me know in what point I differ from you. All that at present I can say is, that I will readily sacrifice my own

opinion, unless I can give you a substantial reason for adhering to it.

LETTER CXXX.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, March 23, 1790.

Your MSS. arrived safe in New Norfolk Street, and I am much obliged to you for your labours. Were you now at Weston I could furnish you with employment for some weeks, and shall perhaps be equally able to do it in summer, for I have lost my best amanuensis in this place, Mr. George Throckmorton, who is gone to Bath.

You are a man to be envied, who have never read the Odyssey, which is one of the most amusing story-books in the world. There is also much of the finest poetry in the world to be found in it, notwithstanding all that Longinus has insinuated to the contrary. His comparison of the Iliad and Odyssey to the meridian, and to the declining sun, is pretty, but I am persuaded, not just. The prettiness of it seduced him; he was otherwise too judicious a reader of Homer to have made it. I can find in the latter no symptoms of impaired ability; none of the effects of age: on the contrary, it seems to me a certainty, that Homer, had he written the Odyssey in his youth, could not have written it better; and if the Iliad in his old age, that he would have written it just as well. A critic would tell me, that instead of *written* I should have said *composed*. Very likely—but I am not writing to one of that snarling generation

My boy, I long to see thee again. It has happened some way or other, that Mrs, Unwin and I have conceived a great affection for thee. That I should, is the less to be wondered at, because thou art a shred of my *own mother;* neither is the wonder great, that she

should fall into the same predicament; for she loves every thing that I love. You will observe, that your personal right to be beloved makes no part of the consideration. There is nothing that I touch with so much tenderness as the vanity of a young man; because I know how extremely susceptible he is of impressions that might hurt him in that particular part of his composition. If you should ever prove a coxcomb, from which character you stand just now at a greater distance than any young man I know, it shall never be said that I have made you one; no, you will gain nothing by me but the honour of being much valued by a poor poet, who can do you no good while he lives, and has nothing to leave you when he dies. If you can be contented to be dear to me on these conditions, so you shall; but other terms more advantageous than these, or more inviting, none have I to propose.

Farewell. Puzzle not yourself about a subject when you write to either of us; every thing is subject enough from those we love. W. C.

LETTER CXXXI.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, April 17, 1790.

Your letter, that now lies before me, is almost three weeks old, and therefore of full age to receive an answer, which it shall have without delay, if the interval between the present moment and that of breakfast should prove sufficient for the purpose.

Yours to Mrs. Unwin was received yesterday, for which she will thank you in due time. I have seen, and have now in my desk, your letter to Lady Hesketh; she sent it thinking that it would divert me; in

which she was not mistaken. I shall tell her
write to her next, that you long to receive a li
her. Give yourself no trouble on the subject of th
device you saw good to recur to, when you p
me with your manuscript; it was an innocen
tion, at least it could harm nobody save your
effect which it did not fail to produce: and si
punishment followed it so closely, by me at
may very well be forgiven. You ask, how I
that you are not addicted to practices of the d
kind? And certainly, if the little time that I h
to study you were alone to be considered, the
would not be unreasonable; but, in general, a n
reaches my years, finds that

"Long experience does attain
"To something like prophetic strain."

I am very much of Lavater's opinion, and p
that faces are as legible as books; only with t
cumstances to recommend them to our perus
they are read in much less time, and are n
likely to deceive us. Yours gave me a favour
pression of you the moment I beheld it: and t
shall not tell you in particular what I saw in it,
sons mentioned in my last, I will add, that I
served in you nothing since that has not confir
opinion I then formed in your favour. In fact
not recollect that my skill in physiognomy has
ceived me, and I should add more on this sub
I room.

When you have shut up your mathematic
you must give yourself to the study of Gre
merely that you may be able to read Homer,
other Greek Classics, with ease, but the Greek

nd the Greek Fathers also. Thus qualified, the aid of your fiddle into the bargain, together ome portion of the grace of God (without which ; can be done) to enable you to look well to your when you shall get one, you will be well set up for on. In which character, if I like to see you in all expect and hope that you will make a very nt figure from most of your fraternity.

Ever yours, W. C.

LETTER CXXXII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, April 19, 1790.

EAREST COZ.

I thank thee for my cousin John- etter, which diverted me. I had one from him in which he expressed an ardent desire of a line ou, and the delight he would feel on receiving it. not whether you will have the charity to satisfy igings, but mention the matter, thinking it pos- nat you may. A letter from a lady to a youth sed in mathematics must be singularly pleasant. n finishing Homer backward, having begun at the ok, and designing to persevere in that crab-like n till I arrive at the first. This may remind you, os, of a certain poet's prisoner in the bastile : Heaven! in the bastile now no more) counting ils in the door, for variety's sake, in all direc- I find so little to do in the last revisal, that I soon reach the Odyssey, and soon want those of it which are in thy possession; but the two the Iliad, which are also in thy possession, much : thou mayest, therefore, send them by the first

fair opportunity. I am in high spirits on this subject, and think that I have at last licked the clumsy cub into a shape that will secure to it the favourable notice of the public. Let not —— retard me, and I shall hope to get out next winter.

I am glad that thou hast sent the General those verses on my mother's picture. They will amuse him; only I hope that he will not miss my mother-in-law, and think that she ought to have made a third. On such an occasion it was not possible to mention her with any propriety. I rejoice at the General's recovery; may it prove a perfect one. W. C.

LETTER CXXXIII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, April 30, 1790.

To my old friend, Dr. Madan, thou couldst not have spoken better than thou didst. Tell him, I beseech you, that I have not forgotten him; tell him also, that to my heart and home he will be always welcome; nor he only, but all that are his. His judgment of my translation gave me the highest satisfaction, because I know him to be a rare old Grecian.

The General's approbation of my picture verses gave me also much pleasure. I wrote them not without tears; therefore I presume it may be that they are felt by others. Should he offer me my father's picture, I shall gladly accept it. A melancholy pleasure is better than none, nay, verily, better than most. He had a sad task imposed on him; but no man could acquit himself of such a one with more discretion or with more tenderness. The death of the unfortunate young man reminded me of those lines in Lycidas:

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
"Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
"That sunk so low that sacred head of thine!"

How beautiful! W. C.

LETTER CXXXIV.
To Mrs. THROCKMORTON.

The Lodge, May 10, 1790.

My dear Mrs. Frog,* you have by this time, I presume, heard from the Doctor; whom I desired to present to you our best affections, and to tell you that we are well. He sent an urchin (I do not mean a hedge-hog, commonly called an urchin in old times, but a boy, commonly so called at present), expecting that he would find you at Buckland's, whither he supposed you gone on Thursday. He sent him charged with divers articles, and among others with letters, or at least with a letter; which I mention, that, if the boy should be lost, together with his dispatches, past all possibility of recovery, you may yet know that the Doctor stands acquitted of not writing. That he is utterly lost (that is to say, the boy—for, the Doctor being the last antecedent, as the grammarians say, you might otherwise suppose that he was intended) is the more probable, because he was never four miles from his home before, having only travelled at the side of a plough-team: and when the Doctor gave him his direction to Buckland's, he asked, very

* The sportive title generally bestowed by Cowper on his amiable friends the Throckmortons.

naturally, if that place was in England. So, what become of him, Heaven knows.

I do not know that any adventures have presen themselves since your departure worth mentioni.., except that the rabbit that infested your wilderness has been shot for devouring your carnations; and that I myself have been in some danger of being devoured, in like manner, by a great dog, viz. Pearson's. But I wrote him a letter on Friday, (I mean a letter to Pearson, not to his dog, which I mention to prevent mistakes —for the said last antecedent might occasion them in this place also) informing him, that unless he tied up his great mastiff in the day-time, I would send him a worse thing, commonly called and known by the name of an attorney. When I go forth to ramble in the fields, I do not sally, like Don Quixote, with a purpose of encountering monsters, if any such can be found; but am a peaceable, poor gentleman, and a poet, who means nobody any harm, the fox-hunters and the two universities of this land excepted.

I cannot learn from any creature whether the turnpike bill is alive or dead: so ignorant am I, and by such ignoramuses surrounded. But if I know little else, this at least I know, that I love you and Mr. Frog; that I long for your return, and that I am, with Mrs. Unwin's best affections, ever yours. W. C.

LETTER CXXXV.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, March 28, 1790.

My dear Coz.

I thank thee for the offer of thy best services on this occasion, but Heaven guard my

rows from the wreath you mention, whatever wreath eside may hereafter adorn them! It would be a leaden ctinguisher, clapped on all the fire of my genius, and should never more produce a line worth reading. To peak seriously, it would make me miserable; and herefore I am sure that thou, of all my friends, wouldst ast wish me to wear it.

Adieu, ever thine—in Homer—hurry. W. C.

LETTER CXXXVI.
To Lady HESKETH.

July 3, 1790.

You will wonder when I tell you, at I, even I, am considered by people, who live at great distance, as having interest and influence suffi-ent to procure a place at court for those who may ppen to want one. I have, accordingly, been appli- to within these few days, by a Welchman, with a fe and many children, to get him made Poet-laureat fast as possible. If thou wouldst wish to make the orld merry twice a year, thou canst not do better than ocure the office for him. I will promise thee, he shall ord thee a hearty laugh in return every birth-day, d every new-year. He is an honest man.

Adieu. W. C.

LETTER CXXXVII.
To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, June 7, 1790.

Y DEAR JOHN,

You know my engagements, and e consequently, able to account for my silence; I will

not, therefore, waste time and paper in mentioning them, but will only say, that, added to those with which you are acquainted, I have had other hinderances, such as business, and a disorder of my spirits, to which I have been all my life subject. At present I am, thank God, perfectly well, both in mind and body. Of you I am always mindful, whether I write or not, and very desirous to see you. You will remember, I hope, that you are under engagments to us, and as soon as your Norfolk friends can spare you, will fulfil them. Give us all the time you can, and all that they can spare to us.

You never pleased me more than when you told me you had abandoned your mathematical pursuits. It grieved me to think that you were wasting your time merely to gain a little Cambridge fame not worth having. I cannot be contented that your renown should thrive no where but on the banks of the Cam. Conceive a nobler ambition, and never let your honour be circumscribed by the paltry dimensions of an university. It is well that you have already, as you observe, acquired sufficient information in that science to enable you to pass creditably such examinations as, I suppose, you must hereafter undergo. Keep what you have gotten, and be content. More is needless.

You could not apply to a worse than I am to advise you concerning your studies. I was never a regular student myself; but lost the most valuable years of my life in an attorney's office, and in the Temple. I will not, therefore, give myself airs, and effect to know what I know not. The affair is of great importance to you, and you should be directed in it by a wiser than I. To speak, however, in very general terms on the subject, it seems to me that your chief concern is with history, natural philosophy, logic, and divinity. As to metaphysics,

I know little about them, but the very little that I do know has not taught me to admire them. Life is too short to afford time even for serious trifles: pursue what you know to be attainable, make truth your object, and your studies will make you a wise man. Let your divinity, if I may advise, be the divinity of the glorious reformation: I mean in contradistinction to Arminianism, and all the *isms* that were ever broached in this world of error and ignorance.

The divinity of the reformation is called Calvinism, but injuriously; it has been that of the church of Christ in all ages; it is the divinity of St. Paul, and of St. Paul's master, who met him in his way to Damascus.

I have written in great haste, that I might finish, if possible, before breakfast. Adieu; let us see you soon; the sooner the better. Give my love to the silent lady, the Rose, and all my friends around you.

W. C.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, June 8, 1790.

My dear Friend,

Among the many who love and esteem you, there is none who rejoices more in your felicity than myself: far from blaming, I commend you much for connecting yourself, young as you are, with a well-chosen companion for life. Entering on the state with uncontaminated morals, you have the best possible prospect of happiness, and will be secure against a thousand temptations to which, at an early period of life, in such a Babylon as you must necessarily inhabit,

you would otherwise have been exposed. I see it too in the light you do, as likely to be advantageous to you in your profession. Men of business have a better opinion of a candidate for employment who is married, because he has given bond to the world, as you observe, and to himself, for diligence, industry, and attention. It is altogether, therefore a subject of much congratulation, and mine (to which I add Mrs. Unwin's) is very sincere. Samson, at his marriage, proposed a riddle to the Philistines. I am no Samson, neither are you a Philistine, yet expound to me the following, if you can:

What are they which stand at a distance from each other, and meet without ever moving?

Should you be so fortunate as to guess it, you may propose it to the company when you celebrate your nuptials, and if you can win thirty changes of raiment by it, as Samson did by his, let me tell you they will be no contemptible acquisition to a young beginner.

You will not, I hope, forget your way to Weston in consequence of your marriage, where you and yours will be always welcome. W. C.

LETTER CXXXIX.

To Mrs. BODHAM.

Weston, June 29, 1790.

My dearest Cousin,

It is true that I did sometimes complain to Mrs. Unwin of your long silence, but it is likewise true that I made excuses for you in my own mind, and did not feel myself at all inclined to be angry, nor even much to wonder. There is an awkwardness and a difficulty in writing to those whom dis-

nce and length of time have made in a manner new us, that naturally give us a check when we would therwise be glad to address them. But a time, I hope near at hand, when you and I shall be effectually devered from all such constraints, and correspond as uently as if our intercourse had suffered much less inerruption.

You must not suppose, my dear, that though I may e said to have lived many years with a pen in my and, I am myself altogether at my ease on this trenendous occasion. Imagine, rather, and you will ome nearer to the truth, that, when I placed this heet before me, I asked myself more than once, "How hall I fill it?" One subject, indeed, presents itself, the leasant prospect that opens upon me of our coming nce more together; but that once exhausted, with what shall I proceed? Thus I questioned myself; but finding neither end nor profit of such questions, I bravely resolved to dismiss them all at once, and to engage in the great enterprize of a letter to my quondam Rose at a venture.—There is great truth in a rant of Nat. Lee's, or of Dryden's, I know not which, who makes an enamoured youth say to his mistress,

"And nonsense shall be eloquence in love."

For certain it is, that they who truly love one another are not very nice examiners of each other's style or matter; if an epistle comes, it is always welcome, though it be, perhaps, neither so wise nor so witty as one might have wished to make it.

And now, my cousin, let me tell thee how much I feel myself obliged to Mr. Bodham for the readiness he expresses to accept my invitation. Assure him that, stranger as he is to me at present, and natural as the

dread of strangers has ever been to me, I shall yet receive him with open arms, because he is your husband, and loves you dearly. That consideration will endear him to me, and I dare say that I shall not find it his only recommendation to my best affections. May the health of his relation (his mother I suppose) be soon restored, and long continued, and may nothing melancholy, of what kind soever, interfere to prevent our joyful meeting. Between the present moment and September, our house is clear for your reception, and you have nothing to do but to give us a day or two's notice of your coming. In September we expect Lady Hesketh, and I only regret that our house is not large enough to hold all together, for were it possible that you could meet, you would love each other.

Mrs. Unwin bids me offer you her best love. She is never well, but always patient, and always cheerful, and feels beforehand, that she shall be loth to part with you.

My love to all the dear Donnes of every name. Write soon, no matter about what. W. C.

LETTER CXL.
To Lady HESKETH.

July 7, 1790.

Instead of beginning with the saffron-vested morning to which Homer invites me, on a morning that has no saffron vest to boast, I shall begin with you.

It is irksome to us both to wait so long as we must for you, but we are willing to hope that, by a longer stay, you will make us amends for all this tedious procrastination.

Mrs. Unwin has made known her whole case to Mr. Gregson, whose opinion of it has been very consolatory to me. He says, indeed, it is a case perfectly out of the reach of all Physical aid, but at the same time, not at all dangerous. Constant pain is a sad grievance, whatever part is affected, and she is hardly ever free from an aching head, as well as an uneasy side; but patience is an anodyne of God's own preparation, and of that he gives her largely.

The French, who, like all lively folks, are extreme in every thing, are such in their zeal for freedom, and if it were possible to make so noble a cause ridiculous, their manner of promoting it could not fail to do so. Princes and peers reduced to plain gentlemanship, and gentles reduced to a level with their own lacqueys, are excesses of which they will repent hereafter. Difference of rank and subordination are, I believe, of God's appointment, and consequently, essential to the well-being of society: but what we mean by fanaticism in religion is exactly that which animates their politics, and unless time should sober them, they will, after all, be an unhappy people. Perhaps it deserves not much to be wondered at, that, at their first escape from tyrannic shackles, they should act extravagantly, and treat their kings as they have sometimes treated their idols. To these, however, they are reconciled in due time again, but their respect for monarchy is at an end. They want nothing now but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely. I heartily wish them some wit in their anger, for it were great pity that so many millions should be miserable for want of it.

W. C.

LETTER CXLI.

Weston, July

My dear Johnny,

You do well to perfec
on the violin. Only beware that an amus
very bewitching as music, especially when we
it ourselves, do not steal from you *all* those h
should be given to study. I can be well conte
should serve you as a refreshment after seve
cises, but not that it should engross you wholly.
good sense will most probably dictate to you
caution, and I might have spared you the tro
but I have a degree of zeal for your profi
more important pursuits, that would not sui
suppress it.

Having delivered my conscience by giving
sage admonition, I will convince you that I a
sor not over and above severe, by acknowle
the next place, that I have known very good
ers on the violin, very learned also; and m
Dr. Spencer Madan, is an instance.

I am delighted that you have engaged you
visit us; for I say to myself, if John be amia
must Catharine be? For we males, be we a
we may, are always surpassed by the ladi
know this, that I shall not be in love with eith
if you stay with us only a few days, for you
week or so.—Correct this erratum, I beseech
convince us by a much longer continuance he
was one.

Mrs. Unwin has never been well since you
You are not passionately fond of letter-writin

ceive, who have dropped a lady; but you will be a loser by the bargain; for one letter of hers, in point of real utility and sterling value, is worth twenty of mine, and you will never have another from her till you have earned it.

LETTER CXLII.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, July 31, 1790.

You have by this time, I presume, answered Lady Hesketh's letter: if not, answer it without delay; and this injunction I give you, judging that it may not be entirely unnecessary; for though I have seen you but once, and only for two or three days, I have found out that you are a scatter-brain. I made the discovery, perhaps, the sooner, because in this you very much resemble myself, who, in the course of my life, have, through mere carelessness and innattention, lost many advantages. An insuperable shyness has also deprived me of many. And here again there is a resemblance between us. You do well to guard against both, for of both, I believe, you have a considerable share as well as myself.

We long to see you again, and are only concerned at the short stay you propose to make with us. If time should seem to you as short as Weston as it seems to us, your visit here will be gone "as a dream when one awaketh, or as a watch in the night."

It is a life of dreams, but the pleasantest one naturally wishes longest.

I shall find employment for you, having made already some part of the fair copy of the Odyssey a foul one.

I am revising it forthelast time, and spare nothing that I can mend. The Iliad is finished.

If you have Donne's Poems, bring them with you, for I have not seen them many years, and should like to look them over.

You may treat us, too, if you please, with a little of your music, for I seldom hear any, and delight much in it. You need not fear a rival, for we have but two fiddles in the neighbourhood, one a gardener's, the other a taylor's—terrible performers both!

W. C.

LETTER CXLIII.
To Mrs. BODHAM.

Weston, Sept. 9, 1790.

My dear Cousin,

I am truly sorry to be forced, after all, to resign the hope of seeing you and Mr. Bodham at Weston this year; the next may possibly be more propitious, and I heartily wish it may. Poor Catharine's unseasonable indisposition has also cost us a disappointment which we must regret; and were it not that Johnny has made shift to reach us, we should think ourselves completely unfortunate. But him we have, and we will hold as long as we can, so expect not very soon to see him in Norfolk. He is so harmless, cheerful, gentle, and good-tempered, and I am so entirely at my ease with him, that I cannot surrender him without a *needs must*, even to those who have a superior claim upon him. He left us yesterday morning, and whither do you think he has gone, and on what errand? Gone, as sure as you are alive, to London, and to convey my *Homer to the* bookseller's. But he will return the day

ter to-morrow, and I mean to part with him no more
ll necessity shall force us asunder. Suspect me not,
y cousin, of being such a monster as to have imposed
is task myself on your kind nephew, or even to have
ought of doing it. It happened that, one day as we
atted by the fire-side, I expressed a wish that I
ould hear of some trusty body going to London, to
hose care I might consign my voluminous labours,
e work of five years: for I purpose never to visit
at city again myself, and should have been uneasy to
ave left a charge of so much importance to me, alto-
ther to the care of a stage-coachman. Johnny had
sooner heard my wish, than offering himself to the
rvice, he fulfilled it: and his offer was made in such
rms and accompanied with a countenance and man-
er expressive of so much alacrity, that, unreasonable
s I thought it at first to give him so much trouble, I
on found that I should mortify him by a refusal. He
gone, therefore, with a box full of poetry, of which
think nobody will plunder him. He has only to say
hat it is, and there is no commodity, I think a free-
oter would covet less. W. C.

LETTER CXLIV

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, Sept. 13, 1790.

Your letter was particularly wel-
ome to me, not only because it came after a long si-
nce, but because it brought me good news—news of
our marriage, and, consequently, I trust of your hap-
ness. May that happiness be durable as your lives,
nd may you be the *felices ter et amplius* of whom Ho-
ace sings so sweetly! This is my sincere wish, and,

though expressed in prose, shall serve as your epithalamium. You comfort me when you say that you marriage will not deprive us of the sight of your hereafter. If you do not wish that I should regret your union, you must make that assurance good as often as you have opportunity.

After perpetual versification during five years, I find myself at last a vacant man, and reduced to read for my amusement. My Homer is gone to the press, and you will imagine that I feel a void in consequence. The proofs, however, will be coming soon, and I shall avail myself, with all my force, of this last opportunity to make my work as I wish it. I shall not, therefore, be long time destitute of employment, but shall have sufficient to keep me occupied all the winter, and part of the ensuing spring, for Johnson purposes to publish either in March, April, or May. My very preface is finished. It did not cost me much trouble, being neither long nor learned. I have spoken my mind as freely as decency would permit on the subject of Pope's version, allowing him, at the same time, all the merit to which I think him entitled. I have given my reasons for translating in blank verse, and hold some discourse on the mechanism of it, chiefly with a view to obviate the prejudices of some people against it. I expatiate a little on the manner in which I think Homer ought to be rendered, and in which I have endeavoured to render him myself, and anticipated two or three evils to which I foresee that I shall be liable from the ignorant or uncandid, in order, if possible, to prevent them. These are the chief heads of my preface; the whole consists of about twelve pages.

It is possible, when I come to treat with Johnson about the copy, I may want some person to negociate for me, and knowing no one so intelligent as you in books, or so well qualified to estimate their just

ll beg leave to resort to and rely on you as my ne-
ıtor. But I will not trouble you unless I should see
sion. My cousin was the bearer of my MSS. to
lon. He went on purpose, and returns to-morrow.
. Unwin's affectionate felicitations, added to my
, conclude me, dear friend, sincerely yours.

W. C

e trees of a colonade will solve my riddle.

LETTER CXLV.

To Mrs. BODHAM.

Weston, Nov. 21, 1790.

DEAR COZ.

Our kindness to your nephew is
nore than he must entitle himself to wherever he
ı. His amiable disposition and manners will never
to secure him a warm place in the affections of all
know him. The advice I gave respecting his
n on Audley End was dictated by my love of him,
a sincere desire of his success. It is one thing
rite what may please our friends, who, because they
such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour; and
her to write what may please every body: because
who have no connection, or even knowledge of the
ıor, will be sure to find fault if they can. My advice,
ever salutary and necessary, as it seemed to me,
such as I dare not have given to a poet of less dif-
nce than he. Poets are to a proverb irritable, and
s the only one I ever know who seems to have no
rk of that fire about him. He has left us about a
night, and sorry we were to lose him; but had he
ı my son he must have gone, and I could not have
etted him more. If his sister be still with you, pre-

sent my love to her, and tell her how much I wish to see them at Weston together.

Mrs. Hewitt probably remembers more of my childhood than I can recollect either of hers or my own; but this I recollect, that the days of that period were happy days, compared with most I have seen since. There are few, perhaps, in the world, who have not cause to look back with regret on the days of infancy; yet to say the truth, I suspect some deception in this: for infancy itself has its cares, and though we cannot now conceive how trifles could affect us much, it is certain that they did. Trifles they appear now, but such they were not then. W. C.

LETTER CXLVI.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

My Birth-Day.

Friday, Nov. 26, 1790.

MY DEAREST JOHNNY,

I am happy that you have escaped from the claws of Euclid into the bosom of Justinian. It is useful, I suppose, to *every* man to be well grounded in the principles of jurisprudence, and I take it to be a branch of science that bids much fairer to enlarge the mind, and give an accuracy of reasoning, than all the mathematics in the world. Mind your studies, and you will soon be wiser than I can hope to be.

We had a visit on Monday from one of the first women in the world—in point of character I mean, and accomplishments—the Dowager Lady Spencer! I may receive, perhaps, some honours hereafter, should my translation speed according to my wishes, and the

pains I have taken with it; but shall never receive any that I shall esteem so highly. She is, indeed, worthy to whom I should dedicate, and may but my Odyssey prove as worthy of her, I shall have nothing to fear from the critics.

Yours, my dear Johnny, with much affection,

W. C.

LETTER CXLVII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

My dear Friend,

Weston, Nov. 30, 1790.

I will confess that I thought your letter somewhat tardy, though, at the same time, I made every excuse for you, except, as it seems, the right. *That*, indeed, was out of the reach of all possible conjecture. I could not guess that your silence was occasioned by your being occupied with either thieves or thief-takers. Since, however, the cause was such, I rejoice that your labours were not in vain, and that the free-booters who had plundered your friend are safe in limbo. I admire, too, as much as I rejoice in your success, the indefatigable spirit that prompted you to pursue, with such unremitting perseverance, an object not to be reached but at the expense of infinite trouble, and that must have led you into an acquaintance with scenes and characters the most horrible to a mind like yours. I see in this conduct the zeal and firmness of your friendship, to whomsoever professed; and though I wanted not a proof of it myself, contemplate so unequivocal an indication of what you really are, and what I always believed you to be, with much pleasure. May you rise from the condition of an humble prosecutor, or witness, to the bench of judgment.

When your letter arrived, it found me with the worst and most obstinate cold that I ever caught. This was one reason why it had not a speedier answer. Another is, that, except Tuesday morning, there is none in the week in which I am not engaged in the last revisal of my translation; the revisal, I mean, of my proof-sheets. To this business I give myself with an assiduity and attention truly admirable; and set an example which, if other poets could be apprized of, they would do well to follow. Miscarriages in authorship, I am persuaded, are as often to be ascribed to want of pains-taking as to the want of ability.

Lady Hesketh, Mrs. Unwin and myself often mention you, and always in terms that, though you would blush to hear them, you need not be ashamed of: at the same time wishing much that you could change our trio into a quartetto. W. C.

LETTER CXLVIII.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, Dec. 18, 1790.

I perceive myself so flattered by the instances of illustrious success mentioned in your letter, that I feel all the amiable modesty, for which I was once so famous, sensibly giving way to a spirit of vain-glory.

The king's college subscription makes me proud. The effect that my verses have had on your two young friends, the mathematicians, makes me proud, and I am, if possible, prouder still of the contents of the letter that you enclosed.

u complained of being stupid, and sent me one of leverest letters. I have not complained of being d, and have sent you one of the dullest. But it is atter; I never aim at any thing above the pitch ery day's scribble, when I write to those I love.
mer proceeds, my boy—We shall get through it ne, and I hope by the time appointed. We are in the tenth Iliad. I expect the ladies every mi- to breakfast. You have their best love. Mine ds the whole army of Donnes at Mattishall Green ıbled. How happy should I find myself were I ıe of the party! My capering days are over, but ɔu caper for me, that you may give them some ɔf the happiness I should feel were I in the midst :m. W. C.

LETTER CXLIX.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, Jan. 21, 1791.

I know that you have already catechized by Lady Hesketh on the subject of return hither before the winter shall be over, and therefore only say, that if you *can* come, we shall ppy to receive you. Remember also, that nothing xcuse the non-performance of a promise but abso- ecessity. In the mean time, my faith in your ve- is such, that I am persuaded you will suffer no- less than necessity to prevent it. Were you not mely pleasant to us, and just the sort of youth that ıs, we should neither of us have said half so much, rhaps a word on the subject.
ırs, my dear Johnny, are vagaries that I shall see practised by any other, and whether you

slap your ancle, or reel as if you were fuddled, or dance in the path before me, all characteristic of yourself, and therefore to me delightful. I have hinted to you, indeed, sometimes, that you should be cautious of indulging antic habits and singularities of all sorts, and young men in general have need enough of such admonition; but yours are a sort of fairy habits, such as might belong to Puck or Robin Goodfellow; and, therefore, good as the advice is, I should be half sorry should you take it.

This allowance, at least, I give you. Continue to take your walks, if walks they may be called, exactly in their present fashion, till you have taken orders. Then, indeed, for as much as a skipping, curvetting, bounding divine might be a spectacle not altogether seemly, I shall consent to your adoption of a more grave demeanour. W. C.

LETTER CL.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, Feb. 5, 1791.

My dear Friend,

My letters to you are all either petitionary, or in the style of acknowledgments and thanks, and such nearly in an alternate order. In my last I loaded you with commissions, for the due discharge of which I am now to say, and say truly, how much I feel myself obliged to you. Neither can I stop there, but must thank you likewise for new honours from Scotland, which have left me nothing to wish for from that country, for my list is now, I believe, graced with the subscription of all its learned bodies. I regret only that some of them arrived too late to do honour to

my present publication of names; but there are those among them, and from Scotland too, that may give an useful hint, perhaps, to our own universities. Your very handsome present of Pope's Homer has arrived safe, notwithstanding an accident that befell him by the way. The hall-servant brought the parcel from Olney, resting it on the pommel of the saddle, and his horse fell with him: Pope was, in consequence, rolled in the dirt, but being well coated got no damage. If augurs and soothsayers were not out of fashion, I should have consulted one or two of that order, in hopes of learning from them that this fall was ominous. I have found a place for him in the parlour, where he makes a splendid appearance, and where he shall not long want a neighbour; one who, if less popular than himself, shall at least look as big as he. How has it happened, that since Pope did certainly dedicate both Iliad and Odyssey, no dedication is found in the first edition of them?

W. C.

LETTER CLI.
To Lady HESKETH.

Feb. 13, 1791.

I can now send you a full and e account of this business: having learned that your at Woburn was the George, we sent Samuel thi- r yesterday. Mr. Martin, master of the George, him * * * * * * * * * * * * * †

Note by the Editor.—This letter contained the his- of a servant's cruelty to a post-horse, which a rea- of humanity could not wish to see in print. But

P. S. I cannot help adding a circumstance that will divert you. Martin having learned from Sam whose servant he was, told him that he had never seen Mr. Cowper, but he had heard him frequently spoken of by the companies that had called at his house; and therefore, when Sam would have paid for his breakfast, would take nothing from him. Who says that fame is only empty breath? On the contrary, it is good ale and cold beef into the bargain.

LETTER CLII.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Feb. 27, 1791.

Now, my dearest Johnny, I must tell thee, in few words, how much I love and am obliged to thee for thy affectionate services.

My Cambridge honours are all to be ascribed to you and to you only. Yet you are but a little man, and a little man into the bargain, who have kicked the mathematics, their idol, out of your study. So important are the endings which Providence frequently connects with small beginnings. Had you been here, I could have furnished you with much employment, for I have so dealt with your fair MSS. in the course of my polishing and improving, that I have almost blotted out the whole: such, however, as it is, I must now send it to the printer, and he must be content with it, for there is not time to make a fresh copy. We are now printing the second book of the Odyssey.

the postscript describes so pleasantly the signal influence of a poet's reputation on the spirit of a liberal innkeeper, that it surely ought not to be suppressed.

Should the Oxonians bestow none of their notice on me on this occasion, it will happen singularly enough, that as Pope received all his university honours, in the subscription way, from Oxford, and none at all from Cambridge, so I shall have received all mine from Cambridge, and none from Oxford. This is the more likely to be the case, because I understand, that on whatsoever occasion either of those learned bodies thinks fit to move, the other always makes it a point to sit still—thus proving its superiority.

I shall send up your letter to Lady Hesketh in a day or two, knowing that the intelligence contained in it will afford her the greatest pleasure. Know, likewise, for your own gratification, that all the Scotch universities have subscribed, none excepted.

We are all as well as usual; that is to say, as well as reasonable folks expect to be on the crazy side of this frail existence.

I rejoice that we shall so soon have you again at our fire-side. W. C.

LETTER CLIII.

To JOSEPH HILL, Esquire.

Weston, March 6, 1791.

After all this ploughing and sowing on the plains of Troy, once fruitful, such at least to my translating predecessor, some harvest, I hope, will arise for me also. My long work has received its last, last touches; and I am now giving my preface its final adjustment. We are in the fourth Odyssey in the course of printing, and I expect that I and the swallows shall appear together: they have slept all winter, but I, on the contrary, have been extremely busy; yet if I

can "*Virum volitare per ora*" as swiftly through the air, I shall account myself well rec

V

LETTER CLIV.

To JOSEPH HILL, Esquire.

March

Give my affectionate brances to your sisters, and tell them I am i to entertain them with my old story new dress

I have two French prints hanging in my stu on Iliad subjects; and I have an English on parlour, on a subject from the same poem. I the former, Agamemnon addresses Achilles e the attitude of a dancing-master turning Miss i nuet: in the latter, the figures are plain, and tudes plain also. This is, in some consideral sure, I believe, the difference between my tr and Pope's; and will serve as an exemplific what I am going to lay before you, and the pub

V

LETTER CLV.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, March

MY DEAREST JOHNNY,

You ask if it may not b per to solicit Lady Hesketh's subscription to th of the Norwich maiden? To which I reply, it by no means improper: on the contrary, I am ed that she will give her name with a very g for she is much an admirer of poesy that is w be admired; and such I think, judging by t

men, the poesy of this maiden, Elizabeth Bentley, of Norwich, is likely to prove.

Not that I am myself inclined to expect, in general, great matters in the poetical way from persons whose ill fortune it has been to want the common advantages of education; neither do I account it in general, a kindness to such to encourage them in the indulgence of a propensity more likely to do them harm, in the end, than to advance their interest. Many such phenomena have arisen within my remembrance, at which all the world has wondered for a season, and has then forgot them.

The fact is, that though strong natural genius is always accompanied with strong natural tendency to its object, yet it often happens that the tendency is found where the genius is wanting. In the present instance, however, (the poems of a certain Mrs. Leapor excepted, who published some forty years ago) I discern, I think, more marks of a true poetical talent than I remember to have observed in the verses of any other male or female so disadvantageously circumstanced. I wish her, therefore, good speed, and subscribe to her with all my heart.

You will rejoice when I tell you that I have some hopes, after all, of a harvest from Oxford also: Mr. Throckmorton has written to a person of considerable influence there, which he has desired him to exert in in my favour, and *his* request, I should imagine, will hardly prove a vain one. Adieu. W. C.

LETTER CLVI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, March 24, 1791.

My dear Friend,

You apologize for your silence in a manner which affords me so much pleasure that I cannot but be satisfied. Let business be the cause, and I am contented. That is a cause to which I would even be accessary myself, and would increase yours by any means, except by a law-suit of my own, at the expense of all your opportunities of writing oftener than thrice in a twelvemonth.

Your application to Dr. Dunbar reminds me of two lines to be found some where in Dr. Young—

" And now a poet's gratitude you see,
" Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three."

In this particular, therefore, I perceive that a poet and a poet's friend bear a striking resemblance to each other. The Doctor will bless himself that the number of Scotch universities is not larger, assured that, if they equalled those of England in number of colleges, you would give him no rest till he had engaged them all. It is true, as Lady Hesketh told you, that I shall not fear, in the matter of subscriptions, a comparison even with Pope himself. Considering, I mean, that we live in days of terrible taxation, and when verse, not being a necessary of life, is accounted dear, be it which it may, even at the lowest price. I am no very good arithmetician, yet I calculated the other day in my morning walk, that my two volumes at the price of three guineas, will cost the purchaser less than the seventh part of a farthing per line. Yet there are lines among them that have cost me the labour of hours, and none that have not cost me some labour. W. C.

LETTER CLVII.
To Mrs. THROCKMORTON.

April 1, 1791.

My dear Mrs. Frog, a word or two before breakfast, which is all that I shall have time to send you.

You have not, I hope, forgot to tell Mr. Frog how much I am obliged to him for his kind, though unsuccessful attempt in my favour at Oxford. It seems not a little extraordinary, that persons so nobly patronized themselves, on the score of literature, should resolve to give no encouragement to it in return. Should I find a fair opportunity to thank them hereafter, I will not neglect it.

> Could Homer come himself, distress'd and poor,
> And tune his harp at Rhedicina's door,
> The rich old vixen would exclaim, I fear,
> "Begone! no trampler gets a farthing here."

I have read your husband's pamphlet through and through. You may think, perhaps, and so may he, that a question so remote from all concern of mine could not interest me; but if you think so, you are both mistaken. He can write nothing that will not interest me; in the first place for the writer's sake, and in the next place, because he writes better and reasons better than any body; with more candour, and with more sufficiency; and, consequently, with more satisfaction to all his readers, save only his opponents. They, I think by this time, wish that they had let him alone.

Tom is delighted past measure with his wooden nag, and gallops at a rate that would kill any horse that had a life to lose.

W. C.

LETTER CLVIII.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, April 6, 1791.

My dear Johnny,

A thousand thanks for your splendid assemblage of Cambridge luminaries. If you are not contented with your collection, it can only be because you are unreasonable; for I, who may be supposed more covetous on this occasion than any body, am highly satisfied, and even delighted with it. If, indeed, you should find it practicable to add still to the number, I have not the least objection; but this charge I give you,

Αλλο δε τοι ερεω, συ δ' ενι φρεσι βαλλεο σησι.

Stay not an hour beyond the time you have mentioned, even though you should be able to add a thousand names by doing so; for I cannot afford to purchase them at that cost. I long to see you, and so do we both, and will not suffer you to postpone your visit for any such consideration. No, my dear boy, in the affair of subscriptions we are already illustrious enough; shall be so at least when you shall have enlisted a college or two more, which, perhaps, you may be able to do in the course of the ensuing week. I feel myself much obliged to your university, and much disposed to admire the liberality of spirit they have shown on this occasion. Certainly I had not deserved much favour of their hands, all things considered: but the cause of literature seems to have some weight with them, and to have superseded the resentment they might be supposed to entertain on the score of certain censures that you wot of. It is not so at Oxford. W. C.

LETTER CLIX.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire,

April 29, 1791.

I forgot if I told you that Mr. Throckmorton had applied, through the medium of ——, to the university of Oxford. He did so, but without success. Their answer was, "that they subscribe to nothing."

Pope's subscriptions did not amount, I think, to six hundred; and mine will not fall very far short of five. Noble doings, at a time of day when Homer has no news to tell us, and when all other comforts of life having risen in price, poetry has of course fallen. I call it a "comfort of life;" it is so to others, but to myself it is become even a necessary.

These holiday times are very unfavourable to the printer's progress. He and all his demons are making themselves merry, and me sad, for I mourn at every hinderance.

W. C.

LETTER CLX.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, May 23, 1791.

My dearest Johnny,

Did I not know that you are never more in your element than when you are exerting yourself in my cause, I should congratulate you on the hope there seems to be that your labour will soon have an end.

You will wonder, perhaps, my Johnny, that Mrs. Unwin, by my desire, enjoined you to secrecy concerning the translation of the Frogs and Mice. Wonderful

it may well seem to you, that I should wish to l
a short time, from a few, what I am just going
lish to all. But I had more reasons than one
mysterious management; that is to say, I had
the first place, I wished to surprise my reader
ably; and, secondly, I wished to allow
my friends an opportunity to object to the
who might think it, perhaps, a measure
bountiful than prudent. But I have had my s
reward, though not a pecuniary one. It is a
much humour, and accordingly I found the tra
of it very amusing. It struck me too, that I
ther make it part of the present publication, c
publish it at all; it would have been so terribl
its place in any other volume.

I long for the time that shall bring you once
Weston, and all your *et cetera's* with you. C
a month of May this has been! Let never po
lish poet at least, give himself to the praises
again. V

THE JUDGMENT OF THE POET

Two Nymphs, both nearly of an age,
Of numerous charms possess'd,
A warm dispute once chanc'd to wage,
Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete,
Had both alike been mild;
But one, although her smile was sweet,
Frown'd oft'ner than she smil'd.

And in her humour, when she frown'd,
Would raise her voice and roar,
And shake with fury, to the ground,
The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
From all such frenzy clear;
Her frowns were seldom known to last,
And never prov'd severe.

To poets of renown in song,
The Nymphs referr'd the cause,
Who, strange to tell, all judg'd it wrong,
And gave misplac'd applause.

They gentle call'd, and kind, and soft,
The flippant and the scold;
And though she chang'd her mood so oft,
That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
Or so resolv'd to err;
In short, the charms her sister had
They lavish'd all on her,

Then thus the god, whom fondly they
Their great inspirer call,
Was heard, one genial summer's day,
To reprimand them all.

"Since thus ye have combin'd," he said
"My fav'rite Nymph to slight,
"Adorning May, that peevish maid,
"With June's undoubted right;

"The Minx shall, for your folly's sake,
"Still prove herself a shrew;
"Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
"And pinch your noses blue."

LETTER CLXI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, June 15, 1791

My dear Friend,

If it will afford you any comfor that you have a share in my affections, of that comfor you may avail yourself at all times. You have acquir ed it by means which, unless I should become worth less myself, to an uncommon degree, will always secur you from the loss of it. You are learning what all learn though few at so early an age, that man is an un grateful animal; and that benefits too often, instead o securing a due return, operate rather as provocation to ill-treatment. This I take to be the *summum ma lum* of the human heart. Towards God we are all guilt of it, more or less; but between man and man, we ma thank God for it, there are some exceptions. He leaves this peccant principle to operate, in some degree against himself, in all, for our humiliation I suppose; and because the pernicious effects of it cannot in reality, injure him; he cannot suffer by them; bu he knows, that unless he should restrain its influence o the dealings of mankind with each other, the bonds o society would be dissolved, and all charitable intercourse at an end amongst us. It was said of Archbishop Cranmer, "Do him an ill turn, and you make him your *friend* for ever:" of others it may be said, "Do them a good one, and they will be for ever your *ene*-

" It is the grace of God only that makes the dif-
ce.

ıe absence of Homer (for we have now shaken
ɜ and parted) is well supplied by three relations
ine from Norfolk—my cousin Johnson, an aunt of
nd his sister. I love them all dearly, and am
contented to resign to them the place in my atten-
so lately occupied by the chiefs of Greece and
. His aunt and I have spent many a merry day
ıer, when we were some forty years younger;
ve make shift to be merry together still. His sis-
a sweet young woman, graceful, good-natured,
entle, just what I had imagined her to be before
seen her.

Farewell! W. C.

---

e occurences related in the series of letters that I
just imparted to my reader, have now brought
the close of the second period in my work. As I
mplated the life of my friend, it seemed to display
in three obvious divisions; the first ending with
emarkable æra when he burst forth on the world,
poet, in his fiftieth year; on which occasion we
ıpply to him the lively compliment of Waller to
am, and say, with superior truth, "He burst out
he Irish rebellion, three score thousand strong,
nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it."
second division may conclude with the publication
Homer; comprizing the incidents of ten splendid
uitful years, that may be regarded as the meri-
of his poetical career. The subsequent period
ds to that awful event which terminates every la-
of the poet and the man.

We have seen, in many of the preceding lette what ardour of application and liveliness of devoted himself to his favourite project of e the literature of his country with an English that might be justly esteemed as a faithful, translation; a genuine and graceful repres of the justly idolized original.

After five years of intense and affectionate la which nothing could withhold him from his int work, except that oppressive and cruel malad suspended his powers of application for several he published his complete version in two qu lumes, on the first of July, 1791; having inscri Iliad to his noble kinsman, Earl Cowper, Odyssey to the Dowager Countess Spencer, a whose virtues he had long entertained a most and affectionate veneration.

The accomplished translator had exerted mon powers of genius and industry to satisfy b self and the world; yet in his first edition of t laboured work, he afforded complete satisfactio ther, and I believe for this reason: Homer is s sitely beautiful in his own language, and he has long an idol in every literary mind, that any him, which the best of modern poets can execu probably resemble, in its effect, the portrait of ful woman, painted by an excellent artist lover: the lover, indeed, will acknowledge gre in the work, and think himself much indebte skill of such an artist; but he will never ackno as in truth he never can feel, that the best of blances exhibits all the grace that he discern beloved original.

So fares it with the admirers of Homer; h translators themselves feel so perfectly the powe

ıinant affection, that they gradually grow discon-
with their own labour, however approved in the
ıt of its supposed completion. This was so re-
bly the case with Cowper, that, in process of
ve shall see him employed upon what may al-
e called his second translation; so great were
erations he made in a deliberate revisal of his
or a second edition. And in the preface which he
ed for that edition, he has spoken of his own la-
ith the most frank and ingenuous veracity. Yet
first edition it may, I think, be fairly said, that it
plished more than any of his poetical predeces-
ıd achieved before him. It made the nearest
ıch to that sweet majestic simplicity which forms
the most attractive features in the great prince
:her of poets.

per, in reading Pope's Homer to Lady Austen
Irs. Unwin, had frequently expressed a wish,
expectation of seeing the simplicity of the an-
lard more faithfully preserved in a new English
ı. Lady Austen, with a kind of severity, re-
l him for expecting from others what he, of all
ving, was best qualified to accomplish himself;
r solicitations on the subject excited him to the
s undertaking; though it seems not to have been
y begun till after her departure from Olney.

: was not at first completely successful in this long
ighty work, the continual and voluntary applica-
ıth which he pursued it, was to himself a blessing
utmost importance.

ıose admirable admonitions to men of a poetical
rament, with which Dr. Currie has closed his
:tive and pleasing "Life of Burns," that accom-
l physician has justly pointed to a regular and
nt occupation, as the true remedy for an inordi-

nate sensibility, which may prove so perilous an en
to the peace and happiness of a poet. His remark
pears to be particularly verified in the striking, ar
may say, medicinal influence, which a daily attachı
of his thoughts to Homer produced, for a long time
the tender spirits of my friend; an influence sufficie
proved by his frequent declarations, that he shoul
sorry to find himself at the end of his labour.
work was certainly beneficial to his health; it coı
buted a little to his fortune; and ultimately, I am
suaded, it will redound to his fame in a much hi
degree than it has hitherto done. Time will prob
prove, that if it is not a perfect representation of
mer, it is at least such a copy of the matchless origi
as no modern writer can surpass in the two esse
articles of fidelity and freedom.

I must not omit to observe one more advan
which Cowper derived from this extensive labour,
it is an advantage which reflects great honour o
sensibility as a man; I mean a constant flow of a
tionate pleasure that he felt in the many kind of
which he received, from several friends, in the co
of this laborious occupation.

I cannot more clearly illustrate his feeling on
subject than by introducing a passage from one o
letters to his most assiduous and affectionate amanı
sis, his young kinsman of Norfolk. It breathes all
tender moral spirit of Cowper, and shall, theref
close the second division of my work.

Weston, June 1, 1791.

My dearert Johnny,

Now you may rest—now I can give you joy of the period of which I gave you hope in my last; the period of all your labours in my service. But this I can foretel you also, that if you persevere in serving your friends at this rate, your life is likely to be a life of labour: Yet persevere; your rest will be the sweeter hereafter. In the mean time I wish you, if at any time you should find occasion for him, just such a friend as you have proved to me.

W. C

END OF THE SECOND PART

THE

LIFE OF COWPER.

.....

PART THE THIRD.

.....

Οι αρετης εφιεμενοι παντες ετι και νυν διατελουσι παντων μαλιστα ποθουντες εκεινον, ως ωφελιμωταΐον ον τα προς αρετης επιμελειαν.

XENOPHON.

THE active and powerful mind of Cowper wanted no long interval of rest after finishing the work of five laborious years. On the contrary, he very soon began to feel that regular hours of mental exertion were essentially requisite to his comfort and welfare.

That extraordinary proficient in the knowledge of human nature, Lord Bacon, has inserted in his list of articles conducive to health, (for his own use) one article, that may appear at first sight, little suited to such a purpose—"heroic desires!" If we understand by this expression what he probably intended, a constant inclination and care to employ our faculties fervently and steadily on some grand object of laudable pursuit, perhaps the whole *Materia Medica* could have furnished him with nothing so likely to promote the preservation of health; especially in a frame distinguished by nerves of the most delicate and dangerous sensibility.

Cowper was himself aware of this truth, and he was looking deliberately around him for some new literary

object of magnitude and importance, when his thoughts were directed to Milton, by an unexpected application from the literary merchant with whom he had corresponded occasionally, for some years; and with whom his acquaintance, though confined to letters of business, had ripened into a cordial esteem.

The great author of the Rambler (intimately acquainted with all the troubles that are too apt to attend the votaries of literature) has said, "that a bookseller is the only Mæcenas of the modern world." Without assenting to all the eulogy and all the satire implied in this remarkable sentiment, we may take a pleasure in observing that in the class of men so magnificently and sportively commended, there are several individuals, each of whom a writer of the most delicate manners and exalted mind may justly esteem as a pleasing associate, and as a liberal friend.

In this light Cowper regarded his bookseller, Mr. Johnson, to whom he had literally given the two volumes of his poems, with that modest and generous simplicity of spirit which formed a striking part of his character. He entertained no presumptuous ideas of their pecuniary value; and when the just applause of the world had sufficiently proved it, he nobly declined the idea of resuming a gift, which the probity of his merchant would have allowed him to recall. He was, however, so pleased by this, and by subsequent proofs of liberality in the conduct of Mr. Johnson, that on being solicited by him to embark in the adventure of preparing a magnificent edition of Milton, he readily entered in the project; and began those admirable translations from the Latin and Italian poetry of Milton, which I have formerly mentioned in print, and to which I hope to render more justice, by a plan of devoting them to the purpose of raising a monument to

their author: a plan upon which I shall apply to the favour of the public in the close of these volumes.

As it is to Milton that I am in a great measure indebted for what I must ever regard as a signal blessing, the friendship of Cowper, the reader will pardon me for dwelling a little on the circumstances that produced it: circumstances which often lead me to repeat those sweet verses of my friend on the casual original of our most valuable attachments:

> Mysterious are his ways, whose power
> Brings forth that unexpected hour,
> When minds, that never met before,
> Shall meet, unite, and part no more:
> It is th' allotment of the skies,
> The hand of the supremely wise,
> That guides and governs our affections,
> And plans and orders our connections.

These charming verses strike with peculiar force on my heart, when I recollect that it was an idle endeavour to make us enemies which gave rise to our intimacy, and that I was providentially conducted to Weston at a season when my presence there afforded peculiar comfort to my affectionate friend, under the pressure of a domestic affliction, which threatened to overwhelm his very tender spirits.

The entreaty of many persons, whom I wished to oblige, had engaged me to write a life of Milton, before I had the slightest suspicion that my work could interfere with the projects of any man; but I was soon surprised and concerned in hearing that I was represented in a news-paper, as an antagonist of Cowper.

I immediately wrote to him on the subject, and our correspondence soon endeared us to each other in no

common degree. The series of his letters to me I value not only as memorials of a most dear and honourable friendship, but as exquisite examples of epistolary excellence. My pride might assuredly be gratified by inserting them all, as I have been requested to do, in this publication; but, I trust, I am influenced by a proper sense of duty towards my dear departed friend, in withholding them, at present, from the eye of the public. The truth is, I feel that the extreme sensibility of my affectionate correspondent led him, very frequently, to speak of me in such terms of tender partiality, that the world must not be expected to forgive him for so over-rating even the merit of a friend, till that friend is sharing with him the hallowed rest of the grave. In the mean time my readers, I hope, will approve my confining myself to such a selection from them, as appears to me necessary for the completion of this narrative; which I seize every opportunity of embellishing with numerous letters to his other correspondents.

It is time to resume the series of such letters; and in doing so I embrace, with a melancholy gratification, an opportunity of paying tender respect to the memory of a scholar and a poet, who, in 1791, solicited and obtained the regard of Cowper, and saw him, for the first time, at Eartham, in the following year.—I speak of the late professor of poetry, the Reverend James Hurdis; a man whose death must be lamented as peculiarly unseasonable, did not piety suggest to the persons most deeply afflicted by a loss so little expected, that it is irrational and irreligious to repine at those decrees of heaven which summon to early beatitude the most deserving of its servants. As this exemplary divine was idolized by several accomplished sisters, it may be hoped that his collected works will be republished by some member of his family, with a memorial of the learned,

elegant, and moral writer, adapted to the exte
variety of his merit. My intercourse with hi
brief indeed, but terminated with expressions of
ness, when every kind syllable derives an affecting
from the approach of death. I had applied to hi
questing the sight of letters that I knew he ha
long in the habit of receiving from Cowper: n
plication, to my surprise and concern, found him
ing into a fatal illness; but he kindly intimat
beloved sister a wish to comply with my reques
the fidelity of her affection towards a deserving br
am indebted for the papers which I wished to see
from which I have made such a selection as
most consistent with the regard I owe to both t
parted poets.—Their reciprocal esteem will refl
nour on both; and it is particularly pleasing to o
the candid and liberal spirit with which Cowp
tended to the wishes and encouraged the exertio
young and modest writer, who was justly ambit
his applause.

The date of his first letter to the author of th
lage Curate appears to claim an earlier place
work; but a variety of circumstances conspired
it here.

LETTER I.

To the Reverend Mr. HURDIS.

Weston, March 6,

SIR,

I have always entertaine
have occasionally avowed a great degree of resp
the abilities of the unknown author of the Villag
rate—unknown at that time, but now well know

not to me only, but to many. For before I was favoured with your obliging letter I knew your name, your place of abode, your profession, and that you had four sisters; all which I learned neither from our bookseller, nor from any of his connections: you will perceive, therefore, that you are no longer an author incognito. The writer, indeed, of many passages that have fallen from your pen could not long continue so. Let genius, true genius, conceal itself where it may, we may say of it, as the young man in Terence of his beautiful mistress—"*diu latere non potest.*"

I am obliged to you for your kind offers of service, and will not say that I shall not be troublesome to you hereafter; but at present I have no need to be so. I have, within these two days, given the very last stroke of my pen to my long translation, and what will be my next career I know not. At any rate, we shall not, I hope, hereafter be known to each other as poets only; for your writings have made me ambitious of a nearer approach to you. Your door, however, will never be opened to me. My fate and fortune have combined with natural disposition, to draw a circle round me which I cannot pass; nor have I been more than thirteen miles from home these twenty years, and so far very seldom. But you are a younger man, and therefore may not be quite so immoveable; in which case, should you choose at any time to move Westonward, you will always find me happy to receive you. And in the mean time I remain, with much respect, your most obedient servant, critic, and friend,

W. C.

P. S. I wish to know what you mean to do with Sir Thomas.* For though I expressed doubts about

* Sir Thomas More, a Tragedy.

his theatrical possibilities, I think him a very respectable person, and, with some improvement, well worthy of being introduced to the public.

LETTER II.

To the Reverend Mr. HURDIS.

Weston, June 13, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

I ought to have thanked you for your agreeable and entertaining letter much sooner; but I have many correspondents who will not be said, nay; and have been obliged, of late, to give my last attentions to Homer: the very last indeed, for yesterday I dispatched to town, after revising them carefully, the proof-sheets of subscribers' names; among which I took special notice of yours, and am much obliged to you for it. We have contrived, or rather my bookseller and printer have contrived, (for they have never waited a moment for me) to publish as critically at the wrong time, as if my whole interest and success had depended on it. March, April, and May, said Johnson to me in a letter that I received from him in February, are the best months for publication. *Therefore*, now it is determined that Homer shall come out on the first of July, that is to say, exactly at the moment when, except a few lawyers, not a creature will be left in town who will ever care one farthing about him. To which of these two friends of mine I am indebted for this management, I know not. It does not please, but I would be a philosopher as well as a poet, and therefore make no complaint or grumble at all about it. You, I presume, have had dealings with them both—how did they manage for you? And if as they have for me, how did

you behave under it? Some who love me compla that I am too passive; and I should be glad of an oppo tunity to justify myself by your example. The fact i should I thunder ever so loud, no efforts of that sort wi avail me now; therefore, like a good economist of m bolts, I choose to reserve them for more profitable oc casions.

I am glad to find that your amusements have bee so similar to mine, for in this instance, too, I seemed t have need of somebody to keep me in countenance, e pecially in my attention and attachment to animals. A the notice that we lords of the creation vouchsafe to be stow on the creatures, is generally to abuse them; it well, therefore, that here and there a man should b found a little womanish, or perhaps a little childish i this matter, who will make some amends, by kissin and coaxing, and laying them in one's bosom. Yo remember the little ewe lamb mentioned by the Prophe Nathan: the Prophet, perhaps, invented the tale for th sake of its application to David's conscience; but it i more probable that God inspired him with it for tha purpose. If he did, it amounts to a proof that he doe not overlook, but, on the contrary, much notices suc little partialities and kindnesses to his *dumb* creatures as we, because we articulate, are pleased to call them

Your sisters are fitter to judge than I, whether assem bly-rooms are the places, of all others, in which the la dies may be studied to most advantage. I am an old fel low, but I had once my dancing days, as you have now; yet I could never find that I learned half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as by con versing with her at home, where I could observe her be haviour at the table, at the fire-side, and in all the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased, but she is the good woman who wants

not a fiddle to sweeten her. If I am wrong, th
ladies will set me right: in the mean time I
teaze you with graver arguments on the subjec
cially as I have a hope, that years, and the stud
scripture, and His Spirit whose word it is, will
time, bring you to my way of thinking. I am
of those sages who require that young men shou
old as themselves, before they have had time to
With my love to your fair sisters, I remain, d
yours truly. W

LETTER III.

To the Reverend Mr. HURDIS.

Weston, August 9

My dear Sir,

I never make a corres
wait for an answer through idleness or want of
respect for him; but if I am silent, it is becaus
busy, or not well, or because I stay till somethin
that may make my letter at least a little bette
mere blank paper. I therefore write speedily i
to yours, being at present, neither much occupi
at all indisposed, nor forbidden by a dearth of ma

I wish always, when I have a new piece in h
be as secret as you, and there was a time when
be so. Then I lived the life of a solitary, was not
by a single neighbour, because I had none with
I could associate; nor ever had an inmate.
was when I dwelt at Olney; but since I have
ed to Weston the case is different. Here
visited by all around me, and study in a room
to all manner of interruds. It is on the ground fl
room in which we dine, and in which I am su
found by all who seek me. They find me gene

ıy desk, and with my work, whatever it be, before me, ıless perhaps I have conjured it into its hiding-place be-ıre they have had time to enter. This, however, is not lways the case, and, consequently, sooner or later, I annot fail to be detected. Possibly you, who, I suppose, ave a snug study, would find it impracticable to attend) any thing closely in an apartment exposed as mine; ut use has made it familiar to me, and so familiar, ıat neither servants going and coming disconcert me; or even if a lady, with an oblique glance of her eye, atches two or three lines of my MSS. do I feel myself ıclined to blush, though naturally the shyest of man-ind.

You did well, I believe, to cashier the subject of which ou give me a recital. It certainly wants those *agree-ıents* which are necessary to the success of any subject ı verse. It is a curious story, and so far as the poor oung lady was concerned, a very affecting one; but ıere is a coarseness in the character of the hero that ould have spoiled all. In fact, I find it myself a much asier matter to write than to get a convenient theme to rite on.

I am obliged to you for comparing me, as you go, both ith Pope and with Homer. It is impossible, in any o-her way of management, to know whether the transla-ion be well executed or not, and if well, in what degree. t was in the course of such a process that I first be-ame dissatisfied with Pope. More than thirty years ince, and when I was a young templar, I accompanied ım with his original, line by line, through both poems. ı fellow student of mine, a person of fine classic taste, oined himself with me in the labour. We were neither ıf us, as you may imagine, very diligent in our pro-ıer business.

I shall be glad if my Reviewers, whosoever they

may be, will be at the pains to read me as
want no praise that I am not entitled to, bu
which I am entitled I should be loth to lose a
ing worked hard to earn it.

I would heartily second the Bishop of Sa
recommending to you a close pursuit of yo
studies, were it not that I wish you to publ
may understand. Do both, and I shall be s

Your remarks, if I may but receive them s
to serve me in case of a new edition, will be
welcome.

LETTER IV.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, Augu

My dearest Johnny,

The little that I hav
bout Homer myself has been equally, or mo
ing than Dr.——'s intelligence, so that I have
son to hope that I have not studied the old Gr
how to dress him, so long and so intensely to
pose. At present I am idle, both on acc
eyes, and because I know not to what to atta
in particular. Many different plans and pr
recommended to me. Some call aloud fo
verse, others for more translation, and others
things. Providence, I hope, will direct n
choice, for other guide I have none, nor wisl
ther.

God bless you, my dearest Johnny.

LETTER V.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

The Lodge, Sept. 14, 1791.

My dear Friend,

Whoever reviews me will, in fact, have a laborious task of it, in the performance of which he ought to move leisurely, and to exercise much critical discernment. In the mean time, my courage is kept up by the arrival of such testimonies in my favour, as give me the greatest pleasure; coming from quarters the most respectable. I have reason, therefore, to hope, that our periodical judges will not be very adverse to me, and that perhaps they may even favour me. If one man of taste and letters is pleased, another man, so qualified, can hardly be displeased; and if critics of a different description grumble, they will not, however, materially hurt me.

You, who know how necessary it is to me to be employed, will be glad to hear that I have been called to a new literary engagement, and that I have not refused it. A Milton that is to rival, and, if possible, to exceed in splendour Boydell's Shakspeare, is in contemplation, and I am in the editor's office. Fuseli is the painter. My business will be to select notes from others, and to write original notes; to translate the Latin and Italian poems, and to give a correct text. I shall have years allowed me to do it in.

W. C.

LETTER VI.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, Oct. 31, 1791.

My dear Johnny,

Your kind and affectionate letter well deserves my thanks, and should have had them long ago, had I not been obliged lately to give my attention to a mountain of unanswered letters, which I have just now reduced to a mole-hill: yours lay at the bottom, and I have at last worked my way down to it.

It gives me great pleasure that you have found a house to your minds. May you all three be happier in it than the happiest that ever occupied it before you! But my chief delight of all is to learn that you and Kitty are so completely cured of your long and threatening maladies. I always thought highly of Dr. Kerr, but his extraordinary success in your two instances has even inspired me with an affection for him.

My eyes are much better than when I wrote last, though seldom perfectly well many days together. At this season of the year I catch perpetual colds, and shall continue to do so till I have got the better of that tenderness of habit with which the summer never fails to affect me.

I am glad that you have heard well of my work in your country. Sufficient proofs have reached me, from various quarters, that I have not ploughed the field of Troy in vain.

Were you here, I would gratify you with an enumeration of particulars; but since you are not, it must content you to be told that I have every reason to be satisfied.

Mrs. Unwin, I think, in her letter to cousin Balls made mention of my new engagement. I have just en

tered on it, and therefore can, at present, say little about it.

It is a very creditable one in itself, and may I but acquit myself of it with sufficiency, it will do me honour. The commentator's part, however, is a new one to me, and one that I little thought to appear in.

Remember your promise that I shall see you in the spring.

The Hall has been full of company ever since you went, and at present my Catharina is there singing and playing like an angel. W. C.

LETTER VII.

To JOSEPH HILL, Esquire.

Nov. 14, 1791.

My dear Friend,

I have waited and wished for your opinion with the feelings that belong to the value I have for it, and am very happy to find it so favourable. In my table-drawer I treasure up a bundle of suffrages, sent me by those of whose approbation I was most ambitious, and shall presently insert yours among them.

I know not why we should quarrel with compound epithets: it is certain, at least, they are as agreeable to the genius of our language as to that of the Greek, which is sufficiently proved by their being admitted into our common and colloquial dialect. Black-ey'd, nut-brown, crook-shank'd, hump-back'd, are all compound epithets, and, together with a thousand other such, are used continually, even by those who profess a dislike to such combinations in poetry. Why, then, do they treat with so much familiarity a thing that they say disgusts them? I doubt if they could give this question a

reasonable answer; unless they should answer it by confessing themselves unreasonable.

I have made a considerable progress in the translation of Milton's Latin poems. I give them, as opportunity offers, all the variety of measure that I can. Some I render in heroic rhyme, some in stanzas, some in seven, and some in eight syllable measure, and some in blank verse. They will altogether, I hope, make an agreeable miscellany for the English reader. They are certainly good in themselves, and cannot fail to please, but by the fault of their translator.

W. C.

LETTER VIII.

To the Reverend Mr. HURDIS.

Weston, Dec. 10, 1791.

My dear Sir,

I am obliged to you for wishing that I were employed in some original work rather than in translation. To tell you the truth, I am of your mind; and unless I could find another Homer, I shall promise, I believe, and vow, when I have done with Milton, never to translate again. But my veneration for our great countryman is equal to what I feel for the Grecian; and, consequently, I am happy, and feel myself honourably employed whatever I do for Milton. I am now translating his *Epitafhium Damonis*, a pastoral, in my judgment, equal to any of Virgil's Bucolics, but of which Dr. Johnson (so it pleased him) speaks, as I remember, contemptuously. But he who never saw any beauty in a rural scene was not likely to have much taste for a pastoral. *In pace quiescat.*

I was charmed with your friendly offer to be my ad-

vocate with the public: should I want one, I know not where I could find a better. The reviewer in the Gentleman's Magazine grows more and more civil. Should he continue to sweeten at this rate, as he proceeds, I know not what will become of all the little modesty I have left. I have availed myself of some of his strictures, for I wish to learn from every body.

W. C.

LETTER IX.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, Dec. 21, 1791.

My dear Friend,

It grieves me, after having indulged a little hope that I might see you in the holidays, to be obliged to disappoint myself. The occasion, too, is such as will ensure me your sympathy.

On Saturday last, while I was at my desk near the window, and Mrs. Unwin at the fire-side opposite to it, I heard her suddenly exclaim, "Oh! Mr. Cowper, don't let me fall!" I turned and saw her actually falling, together with her chair, and started to her side just in time to prevent her. She was seized with a violent giddiness, which lasted, though with some abatement, the whole day, and was attended too with some other very, very alarming symptoms. At present, however, she is relieved from the vertigo, and seems in all respects better.

She has been my faithful and affectionate nurse for many years, and consequently has a claim on all my attentions. She has them, and will have them as long as she wants them, which will probably be, at the best, a considerable time to come. I feel the shock, as you

ose, in every nerve. God grant that there
repetition of it. Another such a stroke up-
uld, I think, overset me completely; but at
hold up bravely.

W. C.

LETTER X.

To the Reverend Mr. HURDIS.

Weston, Feb. 21, 1792.

DEAR SIR, My obligations to you, on the
e of your kind and friendly remarks, demande
n me a much more expeditious acknowledgment
numerous pacquets that contained them; bu
ve been hindered by many causes, each of whi
u would admit as a sufficient apology, but none
hich I will mention, lest I should give too much of
aper to the subject. My acknowledgments are l
wise due to your fair sister, who has transcribed so
ny sheets in so neat a hand, and with so much
racy.

At present I have no leisure for Homer, bu
certainly find leisure to examine him, with a ref
to your strictures, before I send him a second
the printer. This I am at present unwilling
choosing rather to wait, if that may be, till I sh
undergone the discipline of all the reviewers;
whom have yet taken me in hand, the Gen
Magazine excepted. By several of his remar
been benefited, and shall no doubt be benefit
remarks of all.

Milton at present engrosses me altogether.
tin pieces I have translated, and have begu

Italian. These are few, and will not detain me long. I shall then proceed immediately to deliberate upon, and to settle the plan of my commentary, which I have hitherto had but little time to consider. I look forward to it, for this reason, with some anxiety. I trust, at least, that this anxiety will cease, when I have once satisfied myself about the best manner of conducting it. But, after all, I seem to fear more the labour to which it calls me, than any great difficulty with which it is likely to be attended. To the labours of versifying I have no objection, but to the labours of criticism I am new, and apprehend that I shall find them wearisome. Should that be the case, I shall be dull, and must be contented to share the censure of being so with almost all the commentators that have ever existed.

I have expected, but not wondered that I have not received, Sir Thomas More, and the other MSS. you promised me; because my silence has been such, considering how loudly I was called upon to write, that you must have concluded me either dead or dying, and did not choose, perhaps, to trust them to executors.

W. C.

LETTER XI.

To the Reverend Mr. HURDIS.

Weston, March 2, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

I have this moment finished a comparison of your remarks with my text, and feel so sensibly my obligations to your great accuracy and kindness, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of expressing them immediately. I only wish that, instead of revising the two first books of the Iliad, you could

have found leisure to revise the whole two poems, sensible how much my work would have benefited.

I have not always adopted your lines, though often, perhaps, at least, as good as my own; because there will and must be dissimilarity of manner between two so accustomed to the pen as we are. But I have left few passages go unamended which you seemed to think exceptionable; and this not at all from complaisance: for in such a cause I would not sacrifice an iota on that principle, but on clear conviction.

I have as yet heard nothing from Johnson about the two MSS. you announce, but feel ashamed that I should want your letter to remind me of your obliging offer to inscribe Sir Thomas More to me, should you resolve to publish him. Of my consent to such a measure you need not doubt. I am covetous of respect and honour from all such as you.

Tame hare, at present, I have none. But to make amends, I have a beautiful little spaniel called Beau, to whom I will give the kiss your sister Sally intended for the former. Unless she should command me to bestow it elsewhere, it shall attend on her directions.

I am going to take a last dinner with a most agreeable family, who have been my only neighbours ever since I have lived at Weston. On Monday they go to London, and in the summer to an estate in Oxfordshire, which is to be their home in future. The occasion is not at all a pleasant one to me, nor does it leave me spirits to add more than that I am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

W. C.

LETTER XII.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

Weston, March 11, 1792.

EAREST JOHNNY,

You talk of primroses that you on Candlemas day; but what think you of me, :ard a Nightingale on New-year's day? Perhaps he only man in England who can boast of such ortune: good, indeed; for if it was at all an it could not be an unfavourable one. The win- owever, is now making himself amends, and the more peevish for having been encroached on ndue a season. Nothing less than a large slice the spring will satisfy him.

y Hesketh left us yesterday. She intended, in- o have left us four days sooner: but in the even- ore the day fixed for her departure, snow enough occasion just so much delay of it.

have faint hopes that in the month of May we :e her again. I know that you have had a letter er, and you will no doubt have the grace not to ıer wait long for an answer.

expect Mr. Rose on Tuesday; but he stays with till the Saturday following. With him I shall ome conferences on the subject of Homer, re- g a new edition I mean, and some perhaps on ject of Milton; on him I have not yet begun to nt, or even fix the time when I shall.

et not your promised visit!

W. C.*

te by the Editor.—I annex to this letter the that Cowper composed on the wonderful inci- :re mentioned.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

Which the Author heard sing on New-Year's 1792.

Whence is it, that, amaz'd, I hear,
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May?

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd,
To witness it alone?

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
For that I also long
Have practis'd in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song?

Or sing'st thou rather under force
Of some divine command,
Commission'd to presage a course
Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome, then! for many a long
And joyous year have I,
As thou to-day, put forth my song
Beneath a wintry sky.

But thee no wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing,
To make ev'n January charm,
And ev'ry season Spring.

LETTER XIII.

To the Reverend Mr. HURDIS.

Weston, March 23, 1792.

AR SIR,

I have read your play carefully, with great pleasure: it seems now to be a pernance that cannot fail to do you much credit. Yet, ess my memory deceives me, the scene between Ce- and Heron in the garden has lost something that used me much when I saw it first; and I am not e that you have not likewise obliterated an account Sir Thomas's execution, that I found very pathetic. would be strange, if, in these two particulars, I uld seem to miss what never existed: you will pretly know whether I am as good at remembering at I never saw, as I am at forgetting what I have n. But if I am right, I cannot help recommending omitted passages to your re-consideration. If the y were designed for representation, I should be apt think Cecilia's first speech rather too long, and uld prefer to have it broken into dialogue, by an inposition now and then from one of her sisters. But e it is designed, as I understand, for the closet only, t objection seems of no importance; at no rate, hower, would I expunge it, because it is both prettily agined, and elegantly written.

I have read your *cursory remarks*, and am much ased both with the style and the argument. Wher the latter be new or not I am not competent to lge: if it be, you are entitled to much praise for the ention of it. Where other data are wanting to asrtain the time when an author of many pieces wrote ch in particular, there can be no better criterion by hich to determine the point, than the more or less oficiency manifested in the composition. Of this pro-

ficiency, where it appears, and of those it appears not, you seem to have ju truly; and, consequently, I approve c ment.

I attended, as you desired me, in reac ter of Cecilia, to the hint you gave me c sister Sally, and give you joy of such however, not exclusively of the rest, may not all be Cecilias, I have a strong they are all very amiable.

LETTER XIV.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, A

MY DEAREST COZ.

Mr. Rose's long at first intended was the occasion of the my answer to your note, as you may ceived by the date thereof, and learnec mation. It was a daily trouble to me the window-seat, while I knew you we of its arrival. By this time I presu him, and have seen likewise Mr. Ha ter and complimentary sonnet, as w the honest Quaker; all of which, a mer, I shall be glad to receive agair nity. Mr. Hayley's letter slept six custody. It was necessary I shoul delay, and accordingly I answered n which I received it, giving mong other things, how much v r's folly had cost me, who had de

r on account of the distress that I know it must
:casioned to him also. From his reply, which
ırn of the post brought me, I learn that, in the
:erval of my non-correspondence, he had suffered
and mortification enough; so much that I dare
had made twenty vows never to hazard again
letter or compliment to an unknown author.
indeed, could he imagine less, than that I meant,
ı an obstinate silence, to tell him that I valued
him nor his praises, nor his proffered friend-
in short, that I considered him as a rival, and
re, like a true author, hated and despised him.
ow, however, convinced that I love him, as in-
do; and I account him the chief acquisition that
ı verse has ever procured me. Brute should I
did not, for he promises me every assistance in
er.

ve likewise a very pleasing letter from Mr.
vhich I wish you were here to read; and a very
ʒ poem that came inclosed in it for my revisal,
when he was only twenty years of age, yet won-
well written, though wanting some correction.
Ir. Hurdis I return Sir Thomas More to-mor-
.ving revised it a second time. He is now a ve-
ectable figure, and will do my friend, who gives
the public this spring, considerable credit.

W. C.

LETTER XV.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

March 30, 1792.

My mornings, ever since you
ıave been given to my correspondents: this

morning I have already written a long letter to Mr. Park, giving my opinion of his poem, which is a favourable one. I forget whether I showed it to you when you were here, and even whether I had then received it. He has genius and delicate taste; and if he were not an engraver, might be one of our first hands in poetry.

W. C.

LETTER XVI.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Weston, April 5, 1792.

You talk, my dear friend, as John Bunyan says, like one who has the egg-shell still upon his head. You talk of the mighty favours that you have received from me, and forget entirely those for which I am indebted to you; but though you forget them, I shall not, nor ever think that I have requited you, so long as any opportunity presents itself of rendering you the smallest service: small, indeed, is all that I can ever hope to render.

You now perceive, and sensibly, that not without reason I complained, as I used to do, of those tiresome rogues the printers. Bless yourself that you have not two thick quartos to bring forth, as I had. My vexation was always much increased by this reflection; they are every day, and all day long, employed in printing for somebody, and why not for me? This was adding mortification to disappointment, so that I often lost all patience.

The suffrage of Doctor Robertson makes more than amends for the scurvy jest passed upon me by the wag unknown. I regard him not; nor, except for about two moments after I first heard of his doings, have I

ever regarded him. I have somewhere a secret enemy; I know not for what cause he should be so; but he, I imagine, supposes that he has a cause: it is well, however, to have but one; and I will take all the care I can not to increase the number.

I have begun my notes, and am playing the commentator manfully. The worst of it is that I am anticipated in almost all my opportunities to shine by those who have gone before me.

W. C.

LETTER XVII.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, April 6, 1792.

My dear Friend,

God grant that this friendship of ours may be a comfort to us all the rest of our days: in a world where true friendships are rarities, and especially where suddenly formed, they are apt soon to terminate. But, as I said before, I feel a disposition of heart toward you, that I never felt for one whom I had never seen; and that shall prove itself, I trust, in the event, a propitious omen.

* *

Horace says somewhere, though I may quote it amiss, perhaps, for I have a terrible memory,

Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum.——

Our *stars consent*, at least have had an in-
somewhat similar in another and more import-
ticle.——* * *
ives me the sincerest pleasure that I may hope
you at Weston; for as to any migrations of
they must, I fear, notwithstanding the joy I
l feel in being a guest of yours, be still consider-
the light of impossibilities. Come then, my
l, and be as welcome, as the country people say
as the flowers in May. I am happy, as I say, in
xpectation; but the fear, or rather the conscious-
that I shall not answer on a nearer view, makes
rembling kind of happiness, and a doubtful.
ter that privacy which I have mentioned above,
nt to Huntingdon: soon after my arrival there I
up my quarters at the house of the Reverend Mr.
vin; I lived with him while he lived, and ever
e his death have lived with his widow. Her,
efore, you will find mistress of the house; and I
e of you amiss, or you will find her just such as
would wish. To me she has been often a nurse,
l invariably the kindest friend, through a thousand
ersities that I have had to grapple with in the
rse of almost thirty years. I thought it better
roduce her to you thus, than to present her to you
your coming, quite a stranger.
Bring with you any books that you think may be use-
l to my commentatorship, for, with you for an inter-
reter, I shall be afraid of none of them. And, in
uth, if you think that you shall want them, you
ust bring books for your own use also; for they are
n article with which I am *heinously unprovided*, be-
ng much in the condition of the man whose library
Pope describes, as

No mighty store!
His own works nearly bound, and little more!

You shall know how this has come to pass hereafter.

Tell me, my friend, are your letters in your own hand writing? If so, I am in pain for your eyes, lest, by such frequent demands upon them, I should hurt them. I had rather write you three letters for one, much as I prize your letters, than *that* should happen. And now, for the present, adieu—I am going to accompany Milton into the lake of fire and brimstone, having just begun my annotations.

W. C.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. HURDIS.

Weston, April 8, 1792.

My dear Sir,

Your entertaining and pleasant letter, resembling in that respect, all that I receive from you, deserved a more expeditious answer, and should have had what it so well deserved, had it not reached me at a time when, deeply in debt to all my correspondents, I had letters to write without number; like autumnal leaves that strew the brooks—in *Vallombrosa;* the unanswered farrago lay before me. If I quote at all, you must expect me henceforth to quote none but Milton, since, for a long time to come, I shall be occupied with him only.

I was much pleased with the extract you gave me from your sister Eliza's letter; she writes very elegantly, and (if I might say it without seeming to flatter you) I should say much in the manner of her brother.

It is well for your sister Sally, that gloomy D
ready a married man; else, perhaps, finding
he found Proserpine, studying Botany in the fi
might transport her to his own flowerless abode
all her hopes of improvement in that science w
at an end for ever.

What letter of the 10th of December is tha
you say you have not answered? Consider, it
now, and I never remember any thing that I w
so long. But perhaps it relates to Calchas, for
member that you have not yet furnished me
secret history of him and his family, which I d
ed from you. Adieu. Yours most sincerely,

V

I rejoice that you are so well with the learned
of Sarum, and well remember how he ferre
vermin Lauder out of all his hidings, when I w
at Westminster.

I have not yet studied with your last remark
me, but hope soon to find an opportunity.

LETTER XIX.
To Lady THROCKMORTON.

April 1

My dear Lady Frog,

I thank you for you
as sweet as it was short, and as sweet as goo
could make it. You encourage a hope that ha
me happy ever since I have entertained it; an
wishes can hasten the event, it will not be lo
pended. As to your jealousy, I mind it not, or
be pleased with it. I shall say no more on
ject at present than this, that of all ladies living
tain lady, whom I need not name, would be t

of my choice for a certain gentleman, were the whole sex admitted to my election.

What a delightful anecdote is that which you tell me of a young lady detected in the very act of stealing our Catharina's praises? Is it possible that she can survive the shame, the mortification of such a discovery? Can she ever see the same company again, or any company that she can suppose, by the remotest possibility, may have heard the tidings? If she can, she must have an assurance equal to her vanity. A lady in London stole my song on the Broken Rose, or rather would have stolen and have passed it for her own. But she, too, was unfortunate in her attempt; for there happened to be a female cousin of mine in company, who knew that I had written it. It is very flattering to a poet's pride, that the ladies should thus hazard every thing for the sake of appropriating his verses. I may say with Milton, "that I am fallen *on evil tongues and evil days*," being not only plundered of that which belongs to me, but being charged with that which does not. Thus it seems (and I have learned it from more quarters than one) that a report is, and has been somewhat current in this and the neighbouring counties, that though I have given myself the air of declaiming against the slave trade in the Task, I am, in reality, a friend to it; and last night I received a letter from Joe Rye, to inform me that I have been much traduced and calumniated on this account. Not knowing how I could better, or more effectually refute the scandal, I have this morning sent a copy to the Northampton paper, prefaced by a short letter to the printer, specifying the occasion. The verses are in honour of Mr. Wilberforce, and sufficiently expressive of my present sentiments on the subject. You are a wicked fair one for disappointing us of our expected visit, and therefore out of mere spite I will not insert them. I have

been very ill these ten days, and for the same spite's sake will not tell you what has ailed me. But lest you should die of a fright, I will have the mercy to tell you that I am recovering.

Mrs G—— and her little ones are gone, but your brother is still here. He told me that he had some expectations of Sir John at Weston; if he comes, I shall most heartly rejoice once more to see him at a table so many years his own. * W. C.

SONNET,

To WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, Esquire.

Thy country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
Hears thee, by cruel men and impious call'd
Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose th' enthrall'd
From exile, public sale, and slav'ry's chain.
Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain;
Thou hast achiev'd a part; hast gain'd the ear
Of Britain's Senate to thy glorious cause!
Hope smiles, Joy springs, and though cold Caution pause
And weave delay, the better hour is near,
That shall remunerate thy toils severe
By peace for Afric, fenc'd with British laws.
Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the just on earth, and all the blest above!

* *Note by the Editor.*—The following Sonnet, not printed in the collected works of Cowper, is the poem that he alluded to in this letter.

LETTER XX.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, May 5, 1792.

A January Storm.

My dearest Coz.

I rejoice, as thou reasonably supposest me to do, in the matrimonial news communicated in your last. Not that it was altogether news to me, for twice I had received broad hints of it from Lady Frog, by letter, and several times *viva voce* while she was here. But she enjoined *me* secrecy as well as *you*, and you know that all secrets are safe with me; safer far than the winds in the bags of Æolus. I know not, in fact, the lady whom it would give me more pleasure to call Mrs. Courtney, than the lady in question; partly because I know her, but especially because I know her to be all that I can wish in a neighbour.

I have often observed that there is a regular alternation of good and evil in the lot of men, so that a favourable incident may be considered as the harbinger of an unfavourable one, and *vice versa*. Dr. Madan's experience witnesses the truth of this observation. One day he gets a broken head, and the next a mitre to heal it. I rejoice that he has met with so effectual a cure, though my joy is not unmingled with concern; for till now I had some hope of seeing him; but since I live in the north, and his episcopal call is in the west, that is a gratification, I suppose, which I must no longer look for.

My sonnet, which I sent you, was printed in the Northampton paper last week; and this week it produced me a complimentary one in the same paper, which

served to convince me, at least, by the matter of it, that my own was not published without occasion, and that it had answered its purpose.

My correspondence with Hayley proceeds briskly, and is very affectionate on both sides. I expect him here in about a fortnight, and wish heartily, with Mrs. Unwin, that you would give him a meeting. I have promised him, indeed, that he shall find us alone, but you are one of the family.

I wish much to print the following lines in one of the daily papers. Lord S's vindication of the poor culprit in the affair of Cheit-sing, has confirmed me in the belief that he has been injuriously treated, and I think it an act merely of justice to take a little notice of him.

To WARREN HASTINGS, Esquire.

By an old School-fellow of his at Westminster.

Hastings! I knew thee young, and of a mind,
While young, humane, conversable and kind;
Nor can I well believe thee, gentle *then*,
Now grown a villain, and the *worst* of men:
But rather some suspect, who have oppress'd
And worried thee, as not themselves the BEST.

If you will take the pains to send them to thy news monger, I hope thou wilt do well. Adieu.

W. C.

LETTER XXI.

To JOHN JOHNSON, Esquire.

May 20, 1792.

My dearest of all Johnnys,

I am not sorry that your ordination is postponed. A year's learning and wisdom, added to your present stock, will not be more than enough to satisfy the demands of your function. Neither am I sorry that you find it difficult to fix your thoughts to the serious point at all times. It proves, at least, that you attempt and wish to do it; and these are good symptoms. Woe to those who enter on the ministry of the gospel without having previously asked, at least, from God, a mind and spirit suited to their occupation, and whose experience never differs from itself; because they are always alike vain, light, and inconsiderate. It is, therefore, matter of great joy to me to hear you complain of levity, and such it is to Mrs. Unwin. She is, I thank God, tolerably well, and loves you. As to the time of your journey hither, the sooner after June the better; till then we shall have company.

I forget not my debts to your dear sister, and your aunt Balls. Greet them both with a brother's kiss, and place it to my account. I will write to them when Milton, and a thousand other engagements, will give me leave. Mr. Hayley is here on a visit. We have formed a friendship that, I trust, will last for life, and render us an edifying example to all future poets.

Adieu: lose no time in coming after the time mentioned.

W. C.

The reader is informed, by the close of the l
that I was, at this time, the guest of Cowp
meeting, so singularly produced, was a sourc
procal delight; we looked cheerfully forwar
unclouded enjoyment of many social and litera

My host, though now in his sixty-first year,
ed as happily exempt from all the infirmities c
ced life, as friendship could wish him to be;
more elderly companion, not materially oppr
the age of seventy-two, discovered a benevole
ness of character, that seemed to promise a co
of their domestic comfort. Their reception e
kindness itself. I was enchanted to find that the
and conversation of Cowper resembled his poetry
ing by unaffected elegance and the graces of
volent spirit. I looked with affectionate ve
and pleasure on the lady, who, having devote
and fortune to the service of this tender and sub
nius in watching over him with maternal
through many years of the darkest calamity, ap
be now enjoying a reward justly due to the noble
tions of friendship, in contemplating the healt
nown of the poet, whom she had the happine
serve.

It seemed hardly possible to survey human r
a more touching and more satisfactory point of
Their tender attention to each other, their si
vout gratitude for the mercies which they h
rienced together, and their constant, but unaffe
pensity to impress on the mind and heart of a ne
the deep sense which they incessantly felt of t
tual obligation to each, afforded me very singul
fication; which my reader will conceive the n

cibly, when he has perused the following exquisite sonnet, addressed by Cowper to Mrs. Unwin.

SONNET.

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings;
Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew!
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebas'd by praise of meaner things!
That ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth, with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse, that immortalizes whom it sings!

But thou hast little need; there is a book
By seraphs writ, with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
A chronicle of actions just and bright!

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

The delight that I derived from a perfect view of the virtues, the talents, and the present domestic enjoyments of Cowper, was suddenly overcast by the darkest and most painful anxiety.

After passing our mornings in social study, we usually walked out together at noon. In returning from one of our rambles, around the pleasant village of Weston, we were met by Mr. Greatheed, an accomplished

minister of the gospel, who resides at Newport-Pagnel, and whom Cowper described to me in terms of cordial esteem.

He came forth to meet us as we drew near the house, and it was soon visible from his countenance and manner, that he had ill news to impart. After the most tender preparation that humanity could devise, he acquainted Cowper that Mrs. Unwin was under the immediate pressure of a paralytic attack.

My agitated friend rushed to the sight of the sufferer. He returned to me in a state that alarmed me in the highest degree for his faculties. His first speech to me was wild in the extreme. My answer would appear little less so, but it was addressed to the predominant fancy of my unhappy friend; and, with the blessing of heaven, it produced an instantaneous calm in his troubled mind.

From that moment he rested on my friendship with such mild and cheerful confidence, that his affectionate spirit regarded me as sent providentially to support him in a season of the severest affliction.

A very fortunate incident enabled me to cheer him by a little show of medical assistance, in a form that was highly beneficial to his compassionate mind, whatever its real influence might be on the palsied limbs of our interesting patient.

Having formerly provided myself with an electrical apparatus, for the purpose of applying it medicinally to counteract a continual tendency to inflammation in the eyes, I had used it occasionally, for several years, in trying to relieve various maladies in my rustic neighbours; often, indeed, with no success, but now and then with the happiest effect. I wished to try this powerful, though uncertain remedy on the present occasion; and inquired most eagerly if the village of Weston could produce an electrical machine.—It was hardly to be ex-

pected; but it so happened, that a worthy inhabitant of Weston, a man whom Cowper regarded for uncommon gentleness of manners, and for an ingenious mind, possessed exactly such an apparatus as we wanted, which he had partly constructed himself.

This good man, Mr. Socket, was absent from the village, but his wife, for whose relief the apparatus had been originally formed, most readily lent it to her suffering neighbour. With this seasonable aid, seconded by medicines probably more efficacious, from a physician (of consummate skill and benevolence, united to the most fascinating manner) whom I was then so happy as to reckon in the list of my living friends, Mrs. Unwin was gradually restored.

But the progress of her recovery, and its influence on the tender spirits of Cowper, will sufficiently appear in the following letters.—I shall have a mournful pleasure in adding to these a few verses, in which the gratitude of Cowper has celebrated, most tenderly, the kindness of the late Dr. Austin, the physician to whom I have alluded, and whose memory is most deservedly dear to me. The extreme tenderness of Cowper is, indeed, very forcibly displayed in that generous excess of praise with which he speaks of my services on his sudden affliction.

LETTER XXII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, May 24, 1792.

I wish with all my heart, my dearest coz. that I had not ill news for the subject of the present letter. My friend, my Mary, has again been attacked by the same disorder that threatened

me last year with the loss of her, and of which you were yourself a witness. Gregson would not allow that first stroke to be paralytic, but this he acknowledges to be so; and with respect to the former, I never had myself any doubt that it was; but this has been much the severest. Her speech has been almost unintelligible from the moment that she was struck: it is with difficulty that she opens her eyes, and she cannot keep them open; the muscles necessary to the purpose being contracted; and as to self-moving powers, from place to place, and the use of her right hand and arm, she has entirely lost them.

It has happened well, that, of all men living, the man most qualified to assist and comfort me is here, though till within these few days I never saw him, and a few weeks since had no expectation that I ever should. You have already guessed that I mean Hayley—Hayley, who loves me as if he had known me from my cradle. When he returns to town, as he must, alas, too soon, he will pay his respects to you.

I will not conclude without adding that our poor patient is beginning, I hope, to recover from this stroke also; but her amendment is slow, as must be expected at her time of life, and in such a disorder. I am as well myself as you have ever known me in a time of trouble, and even better.

It was not possible to prevail on Mrs. Unwin to let me send for Dr. Kerr, but Hayley has written to his friend, Dr. Austin, a representation of her case, and we expect his opinion and advice to-morrow. In the mean time, we have borrowed an electrical machine from our neighbour Socket, the effect of which she tried yesterday and the day before, and we think it has been of material service.

She was seized while Hayley and I were walking, and Mr. Greatheed, who called while we were absent, was with her.

I forgot in my last to thank thee for the proposed amendments of thy friend. Whoever he is, make my compliments to him, and thank him. The passages to which he objects have been all altered, and when he shall see them new dressed, I hope he will like them better.

W. C.

LETTER XXIII.

To Lady HESKETH.

The Lodge, May 26, 1792.

My Dearest Coz.

Knowing that you will be anxious to learn how we go on, I write a few lines to inform you that Mrs. Unwin daily recovers a little strength, and a little power of utterance; but she seems strongest, and her speech is more distinct in a morning. Hayley has been all in all to us on this very afflictive occasion. Love him, I charge you, dearly for my sake. Where could I have found a man, except himself, who could have made himself so necessary to me in so short a time, that I absolutely know not how to live without him*?

Adieu, my dear sweet Coz. Mrs. Unwin, as plainly as her poor lips can speak, sends her best love, and Hayley threatens in a few days to lay close siege to your affections in person.

W. C.

There is some hope, I find, that the Chancellor *may* continue in office, and I shall be glad if he does; because we have no single man worthy to succeed him.

I open my letter again to thank you, my dearest coz for yours just received. Though happy, as you well know, to see *you* at all times, we have no need, and I trust shall have none, to trouble you with a journey made on purpose; yet once again, I am willing and desirous to believe, we shall be a happy trio at Weston; but, unless necessity dictates a journey of charity, I wish all yours hither to be made for pleasure. Farewell—Thou shalt know how we go on.

To Dr. AUSTIN,

Of Cecil Street, London.

Austin! accept a grateful verse from me!
The poet's treasure! no inglorious fee!
Lov'd by the muses, thy ingenuous mind
Pleasing requital in a verse may find;
Verse oft has dash'd the scythe of time aside,
Immortalizing names, which else had died:
And Oh! could I command the glittering wealth,
With which sick kings are glad to purchase health;
Yet, if extensive fame, and sure to live,
Were in the power of verse like mine to give,
I would not recompence his art with less,
Who, giving Mary health, heals my distress.

Friend of my friend! I love thee, though unknown,
And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

W. C.

LETTER XXIV.
To Mrs. BODHAM.

Weston, June 4, 1792.

My dearest Rose,

I am not such an ungrateful and insensible animal as to have neglected you thus long without a reason.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I cannot say that I am sorry that our dear Johnny finds the pulpit door shut against him at present. He is young, and can afford to wait another year: neither is it to be regretted, that his time of preparation for an office of so much importance as that of a minister of God's word, should have been a little protracted. It is easier to direct the movements of a great army, than to guide a few souls to heaven; the way is narrow, and full of snares, and the guide himself has the most difficulties to encounter. But I trust he will do well. He is single in his views, honest-hearted, and desirous, by prayer and study of the scripture, to qualify himself for the service of his great master, who will suffer no such man to fail for want of his aid and protection. Adieu.

W. C.

LETTER XXV.
To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, June 3, 1792.

All's Well.

Which words I place as conspicuously as possible, and prefix them to my letter, to save you the pain, my friend and brother, of a mo-

ment's anxious speculation. Poor Mary proceeds in her amendment still, and improves, I think, even at a swifter rate than when you left her. The stronger she grows, the faster she gathers strength, which is perhaps the natural course of recovery. She walked so well this morning, that she told me at my first visit, she had entirely forgot her illness, and she spoke so distinctly, and had so much her usual countenance, that, had it been possible, she would have made me forget it too.

Returned from my walk, blown to tatters—found two dear things in the study, your letter, and my Mary! She is bravely well, and your beloved epistle does us both good. I found your kind pencil-note in my song-book, as soon as I came down on the morning of your departure; and Mary was vexed to the heart, that the simpletons who watched her supposed her asleep, when she was not, for she learned soon after you were gone, that you would have peeped at her, had you known her to have been awake. I, perhaps, might have had a peep too, and therefore was as vexed as she: but if it please God, we shall make ourselves large amends for all lost peeps by and by at Eartham.

W. C.

LETTER XXVI.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, June 5, 1792.

Yesterday was a noble day with us—speech almost perfect—eyes open almost the whole day, without any effort to keep them so; and the step wonderfully improved. But the night has been almost a sleepless one, owing partly, I believe, to her having

had as much sleep again as usual the night before: for even when she is in tolerable health, she hardly ever sleeps well two nights together. I found her, accordingly, a little out of spirits this morning, but still insisting on it that she is better. Indeed, she always tells me so, and will probably die with those very words upon her lips. They will be true then, at least, for then she will be best of all. She is now (the clock has just struck eleven) endeavouring, I believe, to get a little sleep, for which reason I do not yet let her know that I have received your letter.

Can I ever honour you enough for your zeal to serve me? Truly I think not: I am, however, so sensible of the love I owe you on this account, that I every day regret the acuteness of your feelings for me, convinced that they expose you to much trouble, mortification, and disappointment. I have, in short, a poor opinion of my destiny, as I told you when you were here; and though I believe that if any man living can do me good, you will, I cannot yet persuade myself, that even you will be successful in attempting it. But it is no matter; you are yourself a good which I can never value enough, and whether rich or poor in other respects, I shall always account myself better provided for than I deserve, with such a friend at my back as you. Let it please God to continue to me my William and Mary, and I will be more reasonable than to grumble.

I rose this morning wrapt round with a cloud of melancholy, and with a heart full of fears; but if I see Mary's amendment a little advanced, when she rises, I shall be better.

I have just been with her again. Except that she is fatigued for want of sleep, she seems as well as yesterday. The post brings me a letter from Hurdis, who is broken-hearted for a dying sister. Had we eyes sharp

friends, escape them but a single day.

LETTER XXVII.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esqui

Weston, Ju

Of what materials c
pose me made, if, after all the rapid pro
have given me of your friendship, I do
with all my heart, and regret your absence
But you must permit me, nevertheless, to be
ly now and then; or if you will not, I must
out your permission; for that sable thread
mixed with the very thread of my existence
separable from it, at least while I exist in t
content, therefore, let me sigh and groan, b
sure that I love you. You will be well as
should not have indulged myself in this rha
myself, and my melancholy, had my present
of that complexion, or had not our poor M
still to advance in her recovery. So in fac
and has performed several little feats to-da
either she could not perform at all, or
while you were with us.

I shall be glad if you have seen Johnny, a
my Norfolk cousin; he is a sweet lad, bu
bird. It costs him always two or three
his mouth before a stranger; but when he
sure to please by the innocent cheerfulness
versation. His sister, too, is one of my idols
semblance she bears to my mother.

ry and you have all my thoughts; and how
l it be otherwise? She looks well, is better, and
you dearly.
ieu, my brother. W. C.

LETTER XXVIII.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, June 10, 1792.

I do, indeed, anxiously wish that
thing you do may prosper; and should I at last
ser by your means, shall taste double sweetness in
perity for that reason.
ose this morning, as I usually do, with a mind all
bles. In this mood I presented myself to Mary's
side, whom I found, though after many hours ly-
wake, yet cheerful, and not to be affected with my
ponding humour. It is a great blessing to us both,
poor feeble thing as she is, she has a most invin-
courage, and a trust in God's goodness that no-
shakes. She is now in the study, and is certain-
some degree, better than she was yesterday; but
to measure that little I know not, except by say-
hat it is just perceptible.
am glad that you have seen my Johnny of Norfolk,
use I know it will be a comfort to you to have seen
successor. He arrived, to my great joy, yester-
; and not having bound himself to any particular
of going, will, I hope, stay long with us. You
now once more snug in your retreat; and I
you joy of your return to it, after the bustle in
ch you have lived since you left Weston. Weston
rns your absence, and will mourn it till she sees
again. What is to become of Milton I know not: I

do nothing but scribble to you, and seem to ha
relish for any other employment. I have, howev
pursuit of your idea, to compliment Darwin, put
stanzas together, which I shall subjoin; you will
ly give them all that you find they want, and m
the song with another.

I am now going to walk with Johnny, much che
since I began writing to you, and by Mary's looks
good spirits. W.

To Dr. DARWIN,

Author of the BOTANIC GARDEN.

Two poets (poets, by report,
Not oft so well agree)
Sweet harmonist of Flora's court!
Conspire to honour thee.

They best can judge a poet's worth,
Who oft themselves have known
The pangs of a poetic birth,
By labours of their own.

We, therefore, pleas'd, extol thy song,
Though various, yet complete;
Rich in embellishment as strong,
And learn'd as it is sweet.

No envy mingles with our praise;
Though, could our hearts repine
At any poet's happier lays,
They would, they must, at thine.

But we, in mutual bondage knit
Of Friendship's closest tie,
Can gaze on even Darwin's wit
With an unjaundic'd eye:

And deem the bard, whoe'er he be,
And howsoever known,
Who would not twine a wreath for thee,
Unworthy of his own.

LETTER XXIX.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

June 19, 1792.

* * * Thus have I filled a whole page to my dear William of Eartham, and have not said a syllable yet about my Mary—a sure sign that she goes on well. Be it known to you, that we have these four days discarded our sedan with two elbows. Here is no more carrying or being carried, but she walks up stairs boldly, with one hand upon the balustrade, and the other under my arm, and in like manner she comes down in a morning. Still I confess she is feeble, and misses much of her former strength. The weather, too, is sadly against her; it deprives her of many a good turn in the orchard, and fifty times I have wished this very day, that Dr. Darwin's scheme of giving rudders and sails to the Ice-islands, that spoil all our summers, were actually put in practice. So should we have gentle airs instead of churlish blasts, and those everlasting sources of bad weather being once navigated into the southern hemisphere, my Mary would recover as fast again. We are both of your mind respecting the journey to Earth-

am, and think that July, if by that time she have strength for the journey, will be better than August. We shall have more long days before us, and then we shall want as much for our return as for our going forth. This, however, must be left to the Giver of all good. If our visit to you be according to his will, he will smooth our way before us, and appoint the time of it; and I thus speak, not because I wish to seem a saint in your eyes, but because my poor Mary is actually one, and would not set her foot over the threshold to save her life, unless she had, or thought she had, God's free permission. With that she would go through floods and fire, though without it she would be afraid of every thing; afraid even to visit you, dearly as she loves, and much as she longs to see you.

W. C.

LETTER XXX.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, June 27, 1792.

Well then—let us talk about this journey to Eartham. You wish me to settle the time of it, and I wish with all my heart to be able to do so, living in hopes, meanwhile, that I shall be able to do it soon. But some little time must necessarily intervene. Our Mary must be able to walk alone, to cut her own food, and to feed herself, and to wear her own shoes, for at present she wears mine. All things considered, my friend and brother, you will see the expediency of waiting a little before we set off to Eartham: we mean, indeed, before that day arrives, to make a trial of the strength of her head, how far it may be able to bear the motion of a carriage, a motion

that it has not felt these seven years. I grieve that we are thus circumstanced, and that we cannot gratify ourselves in a delightful and innocent project without all these precautions; but when we have leaf-gold to handle, we must do it tenderly.

I thank you, my brother, both for presenting my authorship to your friend Guy, and for the excellent verses with which you have inscribed your present. There are none neater or better turned: with what shall I requite you? I have nothing to send you but a gimcrack, which I have prepared for my bride and bridegroom neighbours, who are expected to-morrow. You saw in my book a Poem, entitled Catharina, and which concluded with a wish that we had her for a neighbour: this, therefore, is called

CATHARINA:

THE SECOND PART.

On her Marriage to George Courteney, Esquire.

Believe it or not, as you choose,
The doctrine is certainly true,
That the future is known to the muse,
And poets are oracles too.

I did but express a desire
To see Catharina at home,
At the side of my friend George's fire;
And lo! she is actually come.

And such prophecy some may despise;
But the wish of a poet and friend
Perhaps is approv'd in the skies,
And therefore attains to its end.

'Twas a wish, that flew ardently forth
From a bosom effectually warm'd
With the talents, the graces, and worth
Of the person for whom it was form'd.

Maria would leave us, I knew,
To the grief and regret of us all;
But less to our grief could we view
Catharina the queen of the hall.

And therefore, I wish'd as I did,
And therefore, this union of hands
Not a whisper was heard to forbid,
But all cry, Amen, to the bands.

Since, therefore, I seem to incur
No danger of wishing in vain,
When making good wishes for her,
I will e'en to my wishes again.

With one I have made her a wife,
And now I will try with another,
Which I cannot suppress for my life,
How soon I can make her a mother.

W. C.

LETTER XXXI.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, July 4, 1792.

I know not how you proceed in your life of Milton, but I suppose not very rapidly, for while you were here, and since you left us, you have had no other theme but me. As for myself, except my

letters to you, and the nuptial song I inserted in my last, I have literally done nothing since I saw you: nothing, I mean, in the writing way, though a great deal in another; that is to say, in attending my poor Mary, and endeavouring to nurse her up for a journey to Eartham. In this I have hitherto succeeded tolerably well, and had rather carry this point completely than be the most famous editor of Milton that the world has ever seen or shall see.

Your humorous descant upon my art of wishing made us merry, and consequently did good to us both. I sent my wish to the Hall yesterday. They are excellent neighbours, and so friendly to me that I wished to gratify them. When I went to pay my first visit, George flew into the court to meet me, and when I entered the parlour, Catharina sprang into my arms.

W. C.

LETTER XXXII.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, July 15, 1792.

The progress of the old nurse in Terence is very much like the progress of my poor patient in the road of recovery. I cannot, indeed, say that she moves, but advances not, for advances are certainly made, but the progress of a week is hardly perceptible. I know not, therefore, at present, what to say about this long-postponed journey. The utmost that it is safe for me to say at this moment is this; you know that you are dear to us both; true it is that you are so, and equally true that the very instant we feel ourselves at liberty we will fly to Eartham. I have been but once within the Hall door since the Courteneys

came home, much as I have been pressed to dine there, and have hardly escaped giving a little offence by declining it. But though I should offend all the world by my obstinacy in this instance, I would not leave my poor Mary alone. Johnny serves me as a representative, and him I send without scruple. As to the affair of Milton, I know not what will become of it. I wrote to Johnson a week since to tell him that the interruption of Mrs. Unwin's illness still continuing, and being likely to continue, I know not when I should be able to proceed. The translations, I said, were finished, except the revisal of a part.

God bless your dear little boy and poet! I thank him for exercising his dawning genius upon me, and shall be still happier to thank him in person.

Abbot is painting me so true,
That, trust me, you would stare,
And hardly know, at the first view,
If I were here, or there.

I have sat twice; and the few who have seen his copy of me are much struck with the resemblance. He is a sober, quiet man, which, considering that I must have him at least a week longer for an inmate, is a great comfort to me.

My Mary sends you her best love. She can walk now, leaning on my arm only, and her speech is certainly much improved. I long to see you. Why cannot you and dear Tom spend the remainder of the summer with us? We might then all set off for Eartham merrily together. But I retract this, conscious that I am unreasonable. It is a wretched world, and what we would, is almost always what we cannot. Adieu. Love me, and be sure of a return. W. C.

LETTER XXXIII.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, July 22, 1792.

This important affair, my dear brother, is at last decided, and we are coming. Wednesday se'nnight, if nothing occur to make a later day necessary, is the day fixed for our journey. Our rate of travelling must depend on Mary's ability to bear it. Our mode of travelling will occupy three days unavoidably, for we shall come in a coach. Abbot finishes my picture to-morrow; on Wednesday he returns to town, and is commissioned to order one down to us, with four steeds to draw it:

——"Hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
"That cannot go but forty miles a day."

Send us our route, for I am as ignorant of it almost as if I were in a strange country.—We shall reach St. Alban's I suppose, the first day; say where we must finish our second day's journey, and at what inn we may best repose. As to the end of the third day, we know where that will find us: viz. in the arms and under the roof of our beloved Hayley.

General Cowper having heard a rumour of this intended migration, desires to meet me on the road, that we may once more see each other. He lives at Ham, near Kingston. Shall we go through Kingston, or near it? For I would give him as little trouble as possible, though he offers very kindly to come as far as Barnet for that purpose. Nor must I forget Carwardine, who so kindly desired to be informed what way we should go. On what point of the road will it be easiest for him to find us? On all these points you must be my ora-

cle. My friend and brother, we shall overwhelm you with our numbers: this is all the trouble that I have left. My Johnny of Norfolk, happy in the thought of accompanying us, would be broken-hearted to be left behind.

In the midst of all these solicitudes I laugh to think what they are made of, and what an important thing it is for me to travel. Other men steal away from their homes silently, and make no disturbance; but when I move, houses are turned upside down, maids are turned out of their beds, all the counties through which I pass appear to be in an uproar. Surry greets me by the mouth of the General, Essex by that of Carwardine. How strange does all this seem to a man who has seen no bustle, and made none, for twenty years together!

W. C.

LETTER XXXIV.

To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esquire.

Weston, July 29, 1792.

Through floods and flames to your retreat
  I win my desp'rate way,
And when we meet, if e'er we meet,
  Will echo your huzza.

You will wonder at the word *desp'rate* in the second line, and at the *if* in the third: but could you have any conception of the fears I have had to bustle with, of the dejection of spirit that I have suffered concerning this journey, you would wonder much more that I still courageously perservere in my resolution to undertake it. Fortunately for my intentions it happens that as

the day approaches my terrors abate; for had they continued to be what they were a week since, I must, after all, have disappointed you; and was actually once on the verge of doing it. I have told you something of my nocturnal experiences, and assure you now that they were hardly ever more terrific than on this occasion. Prayer has, however, opened my passage at last, and obtained for me a degree of confidence that I trust will prove a comfortable viaticum to me all the way. On Wednesday, therefore, we set forth.

The terrors that I have spoken of would appear ridiculous to most, but to you they will not, for you are a reasonable creature, and know well, that, to whatever cause it be owing, whether to constitution or to God's express appointment, I am hunted by spiritual hounds in the night-season. I cannot help it. You will pity me, and wish it were otherwise; and though you may think that there is much of the imaginary in it, will not deem it, for that reason, an evil less to be lamented. So much for fears and distresses. Soon, I hope, they shall all have a joyful termination, and I, my Mary, my Johnny, and my dog, be skipping with delight at Eartham.

Well, this picture is at last finished, and well finished, I can assure you. Every creature that has seen it has been astonished at the resemblance. Sam's boy bowed to it, and Beau walked up to it, wagging his tail as he went, and evidently showing that he acknowledged its likeness to his master. It is a half-length, as it is technically but absurdly called; that is to say, it gives all but the foot and ankle. To-morrow it goes to town, and will hang some months at Abbot's, when it will be sent to its due destination in Norfolk.

I hope, or rather wish, that at Eartham I may recover that habit of study which, inveterate as it once

seemed, I now seem to have lost—lost to such a degree, that it is even painful to me to think of what it will cost me to acquire it again.

Adieu, my dear, dear Hayley; God give us a happy meeting. Mary sends her love—she is in pretty good plight this morning, having slept well, and, for her part, has no fears at all about the journey. Ever yours. W. C.

The affectionate little prayer at the close of the last letter prevailed, and providence conducted these most interesting travellers very safely to my retreat. The delights that I enjoyed in promoting the health and cheerfulness of guests so dear to me; in sharing the high gratification of Cowper's society, with my old sympathetic friend Romney; and in beholding that expressive resemblance of the poet, which forms a frontispiece to this work, grow under the pencil of the friendly artist (agreeably inspired by the mental dignity of his subject); these delights are indeed treasured in my memory, among those prime blessings of mortal existence which still call for our gratitude to heaven, even when they are departed; for even then they still afford us that sweet secondary life which we form to ourselves, from the pleasing contemplation of past hours very happily employed.

It is, however, unnecessary for me to dwell on the memorable period that Cowper passed under my roof, because a few of his letters, written to different friends while he was with me, will sufficiently describe the beneficial effect which the scenery of Sussex very visibly produced on his health and spirits. I fear not the imputation of vanity for inserting the vivid praise of

my friend on the spot I inhabited, for I now inhabit it no more; and if I ever had any such vanity, it must have perished with the darling child for whom I wished to embellish and preserve the scene that Cowper has so highly commended.

The tender partiality which this most feeling friend has conceived for me rendered him not a little partial to whatever engaged his thoughts as mine. Many endearing marks of such partiality occurred during his residence at Eartham; but the one which gratified me most I cannot forbear to mention. I mean the very sweet condescension with which he admitted to his friendship and confidence the child to whom I have alluded, at that time a boy of eleven years, whose rare early talents, and rarer modesty, endeared him so much to Cowper, that he allowed and invited him to criticise his Homer. The good-natured reader will forgive me, if he happens to find a brief specimen of such juvenile criticism in their future correspondence.

Homer was not the immediate object of our attention, while Cowper resided at Eartham. The morning hours that we could bestow upon books were chiefly devoted to a complete revisal and correction of all the translations which my friend had finished from the Latin and Italian poetry of Milton; and it was generally our pastime after dinner to amuse ourselves in executing a rapid metrical version of Andreini's Adamo. But the constant care which the delicate health of Mrs. Unwin required, rendered it impossible for us to be very assiduous in study, and perhaps the best of all studies was, to promote and share that most singular and most exemplary tenderness of attention, with which Cowper incessantly laboured to counteract every infirmity, bodily and mental, with which sickness and age had conspired to load this interesting guardian of his afflicted life.

I have myself no language sufficiently st
ficiently tender, to express my just admir
angelic, compassionate sensibility, with w
incessantly watched over his aged inva
reader will be enabled to form an adequat
sensibility by a copy of his verses, to which
when these infirmities grew still more stri
return to Weston.

The air of the south infused a little por
strength into her shattered frame, and t
possible efficacy, the boy, whom I have
and a young associate and fellow student
ployed themselves regularly twice a day,
this venerable cripple, in a commodious g
round the airy hill of Eartham. To Cowpe
it was a very pleasing spectacle, to see
lent vivacity of blooming youth thus contin
ing for the ease, health, and amusement
age. But of this interesting time I will spe
since I have a better record of it to presen
der in the following letters.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Reverend Mr. GREATHE

Eartham, Aug

My dear Sir,

Having first than
your affectionate letter, I will proceed, as w
to answer your equally affectionate requ
would send you early news of our arrival
Here we are, in the most elegant mansion
ever inhabited, and surrounded by the mo
pleasure-grounds that I have ever seen;
dissipated as my powers of thought are a

will not undertake to describe. It shall suffice me to say, that they occupy three sides of a hill, which, in Buckinghamshire, might well pass for a mountain, and from the summit of which is beheld a most magnificent landscape, bounded by the sea, and in one part of it by the Isle of Wight, which may also be seen plainly from the window of the library, in which I am writing.

It pleased God to carry us both through the journey with far less difficulty and inconvenience than I expected. I began it, indeed, with a thousand fears, and when we arrived the first evening at Barnet, found myself oppressed in spirit to a degree that could hardly be exceeded. I saw Mrs. Unwin weary, as she might well be, and heard such a variety of noises, both within the house and without, that I concluded she would get no rest. But I was mercifully disappointed. She rested, though not well, yet sufficiently; and when we finished our next day's journey at Ripley, we were both in better condition, both of body and mind, than on the day preceding. At Ripley we found a quiet inn, that housed, as it happened, that night no company but ourselves. There we slept well, and rose perfectly refreshed; and, except some terrors that I felt at passing over the Sussex hills by moon-light, met with little to complain of, till we arrived, about ten o'clock, at Eartham. Here we are as happy as it is in the power of terrestrial good to make us. It is almost a paradise in which we dwell; and our reception has been the kindest that it was possible for friendship and hospitality to contrive. Our host mentions you with great respect, and bids me tell you that he esteems you highly. Mrs. Unwin, who is, I think, in some points, already the better for her excursion, unites with mine

her best compliments, both to yourself an
Greatheed. I have much to see and enjoy befo
be perfectly apprized of all the delights of E
and will therefore now subscribe myself yo
dear Sir, with great sincerity, V

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mrs. COURTENEY.

Eartham, August 1

MY DEAREST CATHARINA,

Though I have trave
nothing did I see in my travels that surprised
so agreeably as your kind letter; for high as
nion is of your good-nature, I had no hopes of
from you till I should have written first—a
which I intended to allow myself the first opp

After three days confinement in a coach, an
ing as we went all that could be suffered fron
sive heat and dust, we found ourselves late in t
ing at the door of our friend Hayley. In eve
respect the journey was extremely pleasant.
Mitre, in Barnet, where we lodged the first
we found our friend Mr. Rose, who had wal
ther from his house in Chancery Lane to meet
at Kingston, where we dined the second day,
my old and much valued friend, General
whom I had not seen in thirty years, and bu
journey should never have seen again. Mrs. U
whose account I had a thousand fears when w
suffered as little from fatigue as myself, and
hope, already to feel some beneficial effects
air of Eartham, and the exercise that she tak
of the most delightful pleasure-grounds in th

They occupy three sides of a hill, lofty enough to command a view of the sea, which skirts the horizon to a length of many miles, with the Isle of Wight at the end of it. The inland scene is equally beautiful, consisting of a large and deep valley well cultivated, and inclosed by magnificent hills, all crowned with wood. I had, for my part, no conception that a poet could be the owner of such a paradise; and his house is as elegant as his scenes are charming.

But think not, my dear Catharina, that amidst all these beauties I shall lose the remembrance of the peaceful, but less splendid, Weston. Your precincts will be as dear to me as ever, when I return; though when that day will arrive I know not, our host being determined, as I plainly see, to keep us as long as possible. Give my best love to your husband. Thank him most kindly for his attention to the old Bard of Greece, and pardon me that I do not send you now an epitaph for Fop. I am not sufficiently recollected to compose even a bagatelle at present; but in due time you shall receive it.

Hayley, who will some time or other, I hope, see you at Weston, is already prepared to love you both, and being passionately fond of music, longs much to hear you.

W. C.

LETTER XXXVII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Eartham, August 14, 1792.

Romney is here. It would add much to my happiness if you were of the party. I have prepared Hayley to think highly, that is, justly of

you, and the time I hope will come when you will supersede all need of my recommendation.

Mrs. Unwin gathers strength. I have indeed great hopes, from the air and exercise which this fine season affords her opportunity to use, that ere we return she will be herself again. W. C.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To SAMUEL ROSE, Esquire.

Eartham, August 18, 1792.

Wishes in this world are generally vain, and in the next we shall make none. Every day I wish you were of our party, knowing how happy you would be in a place where we have nothing to do but enjoy beautiful scenery, and converse agreeably.

Mrs. Unwin's health continues to improve; and even I, who was well when I came, find myself still better.

Adieu. W. C.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mrs. COURTENEY.

Eartham, August 25, 1792.

Without waiting for an answer to my last, I send my dear Catharina the epitaph she desired, composed, as well as I could compose it, in a place where every object, being still new to me, distracts my attention, and makes me as awkward at verse as if I had never dealt in it. Here it is.

EPITAPH ON FOP:

A Dog belonging to Lady Throckmorton.

Though once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
Here moulders one, whose bones some honour claim;
No sycophant, although of spaniel race!
And though no hound, a martyr to the chace!
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice!
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice.
This record of his fate exulting view:
He died, worn out with vain pursuit of you.

"Yes!" the indignant shade of Fop replies,
"And, worn with vain pursuit, Man also dies."

I am here, as I told you in my last, delightfully situated, and in the enjoyment of all that the most friendly hospitality can impart; yet do I neither forget Weston, nor my friends at Weston; on the contrary, I have, at length, though much and kindly pressed to make a longer stay, determined on the day of our departure. On the seventeenth day of September we shall leave Eartham. Four days will be necessary to bring us home again; for I am under a promise to General Cowper to dine with him on the way, which cannot be done comfortably, either to him or to ourselves, unless we sleep that night at Kingston.

The air of this place has been, I believe, beneficial to us both; I indeed was in tolerable health before I set out, but have acquired, since I came, both a better appetite, and a knack of sleeping almost as much in a single night as formerly in two. Whether double quantities of that article will be favourable to me as a poet, time must show. About myself, however, I care

little, being made of materials so tough as not
en me even now, at the end of so many *lustr*
any thing like a speedy dissolution. My c
cern has been about Mrs. Unwin, and my c
fort at this moment is, that she likewise has
I hope, considerable benefit by the journey.

Tell my dear George that I begin to long
him again, and did it not savour of ingratitu
friend under whose roof I am so happy at prese
be impatient to find myself once more under y

Adieu, my dear Catharina. I have nothi
in the way of news, except that Romney has c
in crayons, by the suffrage of all here, extrem

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

CONTENTS.

THE THIRD PART.

BENJAMIN JOHNSON, PRINTE

NO. 31, MARKET STREET.

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